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THE WORKS OF LAURENCE STERNE

EDITED BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. II.

TRISTRAM SHANDY

VOL. II.

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The death of Le Fefer.

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THE LIFE & OPINIONS of TRISTRAM SHANDY Gentleman. By LAURENCE STERNE

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY
with
Illustrations by E. J. WHEELER

In three Volumes.
Volume the second.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

BOOK III.—*continued.*

Chapter xxiij.

ALL is quiet and hush, cried my father, at least above stairs—I hear not one foot stirring.—Prithee, *Trim*, who's in the kitchen? There is no one soul in the kitchen, answered *Trim*, making a low bow as he spoke, except Dr *Slop*.—Confusion! cried my father (getting up upon his legs a second time)—not one single thing was gone right this day! had I faith in astrology, brother, (which, by the bye, my father had) I would have sworn some retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate house of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place. ——Why, I thought Dr *Slop* had been above stairs with my wife, and so said you.——What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen!—He is busy,

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an' please your honour, replied *Trim*, in making a bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*:————pray, give my humble service to Dr *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You must know, my uncle *Toby* mistook the bridge —as widely as my father mistook the mortars;—— but to understand how my uncle *Toby* could mistake the bridge—I fear I must give you an exact account of the road which led to it;—or to drop my metaphor (for there is nothing more dishonest in an historian than the use of one)——in order to conceive the probability of this error in my uncle *Toby* aright, I must give you some account of an adventure of *Trim's*, though much against my will, I say much against my will, only because the story, in one sense, is certainly out of its place here; for by right it should come in, either amongst the anecdotes of my uncle *Toby's* amours with widow *Wadman*, in which corporal *Trim* was no mean actor—or else in the middle of his and my uncle *Toby's* campaigns on the bowling-green—for it will do very well in either place;—but then if I reserve it for either of those parts of my story——I ruin the story I'm upon;——and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your worships have me to do in this case?

—Tell it, Mr *Shandy*, by all means.—You are a fool, *Tristram*, if you do.

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing————that kindly shew him, where he is to begin it—and where he is to end it——what he is to put into it——and what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to cast into a shade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preside over this vast empire of biographical freebooters, and see how

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many scrapes and plunges your subjects hourly fall into;——will you do one thing?

I beg and beseech you (in case you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it so falls out, that three several roads meet in one point, as they have done just here——that at least you set up a guide-post in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

Chapter xvii.

THO' the shock my uncle *Toby* received the year after the demolition of *Dunkirk*, in his affair with widow *Wadman*, had fixed him in a resolution never more to think of the sex—or of aught which belonged to it;—yet corporal *Trim* had made no such bargain with himself. Indeed in my uncle *Toby's* case there was a strange and unaccountable concurrence of circumstances, which insensibly drew him in, to lay siege to that fair and strong citadel. ——In *Trim's* case there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and *Bridget* in the kitchen; —though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his master was such, and so fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle *Toby* employed his time and genius in tagging of points——I am persuaded the honest corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleasure. When therefore my uncle *Toby* sat down before the mistress—corporal *Trim* incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend *Garrick*, whom I have so much cause to esteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it escape your penetration—I defy it—that so many play-wrights, and opificers of

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chit-chat have ever since been working upon *Trim's* and my uncle *Toby's* pattern.——I care not what *Aristotle*, or *Pacuvius*, or *Bossu*, or *Ricaboni* say—(though I never read one of them)——there is not a greater difference between a single-horse chair and madam *Pompadour's vis-à-vis*; than betwixt a single amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama——Sir, a simple, single, silly affair of that kind—is quite lost in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a series of attacks and repulses in a course of nine months on my uncle *Toby's* quarter, a most minute account of every particular of which shall be given in its proper place, my uncle *Toby*, honest man! found it necessary to draw off his forces and raise the siege somewhat indignantly.

Corporal *Trim*, as I said, had made no such bargain either with himself——or with any one else——the fidelity however of his heart not suffering him to go into a house which his master had forsaken with disgust——he contented himself with turning his part of the siege into a blockade;—that is, he kept others off;—for though he never after went to the house, yet he never met *Bridget* in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or smile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumstances directed) he would shake her by the hand—or ask her lovingly how she did—or would give her a ribbon—and now-and-then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give *Bridget* a—

Precisely in this situation, did these things stand for five years; that is, from the demolition of *Dunkirk* in the year 13, to the latter end of my uncle *Toby's* campaign in the year 18, which was about six or seven weeks before the time I'm speaking of.——When *Trim*, as his custom was, after he had put my uncle *Toby* to bed, going down one moonshiny night to see

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that every thing was right at his fortifications——in the lane separated from the bowling-green with flowering shrubs and holly—he espied his *Bridget.*

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world so well worth shewing as the glorious works which he and my uncle *Toby* had made, *Trim* courteously and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done so privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reach'd my father's, with this untoward circumstance along with it, that my uncle *Toby's* curious drawbridge, constructed and painted after the *Dutch* fashion, and which went quite across the ditch—was broke down, and somehow or other crushed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have observed, had no great esteem for my uncle *Toby's* hobby-horse, he thought it the most ridiculous horse that ever gentleman mounted; and indeed unless my uncle *Toby* vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without smiling at it——so that it could never get lame or happen any mischance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond measure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befall'n it, it proved an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to him.——Well ——but dear *Toby!* my father would say, do tell me seriously how this affair of the bridge happened.——How can you teaze me so much about it? my uncle *Toby* would reply—I have told it you twenty times, word for word as *Trim* told it me.—Prithee, how was it then, corporal? my father would cry, turning to *Trim.*—It was a mere misfortune, an' please your honour;——I was shewing Mrs *Bridget* our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the fosse, I unfortunately slipp'd in——Very well, *Trim!* my father would cry——(smiling mysteriously, and giving

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a nod——but without interrupting him)——and being link'd fast, an' please your honour, arm in arm with Mrs *Bridget*, I dragg'd her after me, by means of which she fell backwards soss against the bridge——and *Trim's* foot (my uncle *Toby* would cry, taking the story out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full against the bridge too.—It was a thousand to one, my uncle *Toby* would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.————Ay truly, my father would say——a limb is soon broke, brother *Toby*, in such encounters.——And so, an' please your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very slight one, was broke down betwixt us, and splintered all to pieces.

At other times, but especially when my uncle *Toby* was so unfortunate as to say a syllable about cannons, bombs, or petards—my father would exhaust all the stores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the BATTERING-RAMS of the ancients —the VINEA which *Alexander* made use of at the siege of *Troy*.—He would tell my uncle *Toby* of the CATAPULTÆ of the *Syrians*, which threw such monstrous stones so many hundred feet, and shook the strongest bulwarks from their very foundation:—he would go on and describe the wonderful mechanism of the BALLISTA which *Marcellinus* makes so much rout about!—the terrible effects of the PYROBOLI, which cast fire;——the danger of the TEREBRA and SCORPIO, which cast javelins.——But what are these, would he say, to the destructive machinery of corporal *Trim?*——Believe me, brother *Toby*, no bridge, or bastion, or sally-port, that ever was constructed in this world, can hold out against such artillery.

My uncle *Toby* would never attempt any defence against the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of smoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raised so dense a vapour one night after supper, that

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it set my father, who was a little phthisical, into a suffocating fit of violent coughing: my uncle *Toby* leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, stood beside his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pulled out of his pocket.——The affectionate and endearing manner in which my uncle *Toby* did these little offices—cut my father thro' his reins, for the pain he had just been giving him.——May my brains be knock'd out with a battering-ram or a catapulta, I care not which, quoth my father to himself—if ever I insult this worthy soul more!

Chapter xxv.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, *Trim* was ordered directly to set about another———but not upon the same model: for cardinal *Alberoni's* intrigues at that time being discovered, and my uncle *Toby* rightly foreseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt *Spain* and the Empire, and that the operations of the ensuing campaign must in all likelihood be either in *Naples* or *Sicily*——he determined upon an *Italian* bridge—(my uncle *Toby*, by-the-bye, was not far out of his conjectures)——but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my uncle *Toby* in the cabinet, as my uncle *Toby* took it of him in the field———convinced him, that if the king of *Spain* and the Emperor went together by the ears, *England* and *France* and *Holland* must, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the lists too;——and if so, he would say, the combatants, brother *Toby*, as sure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-

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mell, upon the old prize-fighting stage of *Flanders*;—then what will you do with your *Italian* bridge?

—We will go on with it then upon the old model, cried my uncle *Toby*.

When corporal *Trim* had about half finished it in that style——my uncle *Toby* found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly considered before. It turned, it seems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle, one half of which turning to one side of the fosse, and the other to the other; the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it impowered my uncle *Toby* to raise it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand, which, as his garrison was weak, was as much as he could well spare—but the disadvantages of such a construction were insurmountable;——for by this means, he would say, I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy's possession——and pray of what use is the other?

The natural remedy for this was, no doubt, to have his bridge fast only at one end with hinges, so that the whole might be lifted up together, and stand bolt upright———but that was rejected for the reason given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular construction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a passage; and to thrust forwards again to gain a passage—of which sorts your worship might have seen three famous ones at *Spires* before its destruction—and one now at *Brisac*, if I mistake not;—but my father advising my uncle *Toby*, with great earnestness, to have nothing more to do with thrusting bridges—and my uncle foreseeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the Corporal's misfortune—he changed his mind for that of the marquis *d'Hôpital's* invention,

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which the younger *Bernouilli* has so well and learnedly described, as your worships may see———*Act. Erud. Lips.* an. 1695—to these a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inasmuch as the construction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid———if not a cycloid itself.

My uncle *Toby* understood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in *England*—but was not quite such a master of the cycloid;——he talked however about it every day——the bridge went not forwards.—— We'll ask somebody about it, cried my uncle *Toby* to *Trim.*

Chapter xxvi.

WHEN *Trim* came in and told my father, that Dr *Slop* was in the kitchen, and busy in making a bridge—my uncle *Toby*——the affair of the jack-boots having just then raised a train of military ideas in his brain——took it instantly for granted that Dr *Slop* was making a model of the marquis *d'Hôpital's* bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle *Toby*;—pray give my humble service to Dr *Slop*, *Trim*, and tell him I thank him heartily.

Had my uncle *Toby's* head been a *Savoyard's* box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it——it could not have given him a more distinct conception of the operations of my uncle *Toby's* imagination, than what he had; so, notwithstanding the catapulta and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was just beginning to triumph——

When *Trim's* answer, in an instant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twisted it to pieces.

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Chapter xxvij.

——THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father——God bless your honour, cried *Trim*, 'tis a bridge for master's nose.——In bringing him into the world with his vile instruments, he has crushed his nose, *Susannah* says, as flat as a pancake to his face, and he is making a false bridge with a piece of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone out of *Susannah's* stays, to raise it up.

——Lead me, brother *Toby*, cried my father, to my room this instant.

Chapter xxviij.

FROM the first moment I sat down to write my life for the amusement of the world, and my opinions for its instruction, has a cloud insensibly been gathering over my father.——A tide of little evils and distresses has been setting in against him.——Not one thing, as he observed himself, has gone right: and now is the storm thicken'd and going to break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my story in the most pensive and melancholy frame of mind that ever sympathetic breast was touched with.——My nerves relax as I tell it.——Every line I write, I feel an abatement of the quickness of my pulse, and of that careless alacrity with it, which every day of my life prompts me to say and write a thousand things I should not——And this moment that I last dipp'd my pen into my ink, I could not help taking notice what a cautious air of sad composure and solemnity there appear'd in my manner of doing it.——Lord! how different from the rash jerks and hair-brain'd squirts

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thou art wont, *Tristram*, to transact it with in other humours—dropping thy pen——spurting thy ink about thy table and thy books—as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books and furniture cost thee nothing!

Chapter xxix.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point with you —'tis so——and I am persuaded of it, madam, as much as can be, "That both man and woman bear pain or sorrow (and, for aught I know, pleasure too) best in a horizontal position."

The moment my father got up into his chamber, he threw himself prostrate across his bed in the wildest disorder imaginable, but at the same time in the most lamentable attitude of a man borne down with sorrows, that ever the eye of pity dropp'd a tear for.——The palm of his right hand, as he fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and covering the greatest part of both his eyes, gently sunk down with his head (his elbow giving way backwards) till his nose touch'd the quilt; ——his left arm hung insensible over the side of the bed, his knuckles reclining upon the handle of the chamber-pot, which peep'd out beyond the valance—his right leg (his left being drawn up towards his body) hung half over the side of the bed, the edge of it pressing upon his shin-bone—He felt it not. A fix'd, inflexible sorrow took possession of every line of his face.—He sigh'd once——heaved his breast often—but uttered not a word.

An old set-stitch'd chair, valanced and fringed around with party-coloured worsted bobs, stood at the bed's head, opposite to the side where my father's head reclined.—My uncle *Toby* sat him down in it.

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Before an affliction is digested—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested—it comes too late: so that you see, madam, there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at: my uncle *Toby* was always either on this side, or on that of it, and would often say, he believed in his heart he could as soon hit the longitude; for this reason, when he sat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and having a tear at every one's service——he pull'd out a cambrick handkerchief——gave a low sigh——but held his peace.

Chapter xxv.

——"*ALL is not gain that is got into the purse.*"—So that notwithstanding my father had the happiness of reading the oddest books in the universe, and had moreover, in himself, the oddest way of thinking that ever man in it was bless'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all——that it laid him open to some of the oddest and most whimsical distresses; of which this particular one, which he sunk under at present, is as strong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's nose, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however scientifically applied—would vex any man in the world, who was at so much pains in begetting a child, as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it justify the unchristian manner he abandoned and surrendered himself up to.

To explain this, I must leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair sitting beside him.

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Chapter xxvi.

——I THINK it a very unreasonable demand—cried my great-grandfather, twisting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.——By this account, madam, you have but two thousand pounds fortune, and not a shilling more—and you insist upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.———

—"Because," replied my great-grandmother, "you have little or no nose, Sir."—

Now before I venture to make use of the word *Nose* a second time—to avoid all confusion in what will be said upon it, in this interesting part of my story, it may not be amiss to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term: being of opinion, that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers in despising this precaution, and to nothing else——that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon *a Will o' the Wisp*, or any other sound part of philosophy, and natural pursuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you set out, unless you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment——but to give the world a good definition, and stand to it, of the main word you have most occasion for——changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into small coin?—which done—let the father of confusion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of strict morality and close reasoning, such as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcusable; and Heaven is witness, how the world has revenged

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itself upon me for leaving so many openings to equivocal strictures—and for depending so much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanliness of my readers' imaginations.

——Here are two senses, cried *Eugenius*, as we walk'd along, pointing with the fore finger of his right hand to the word *Crevice*, in the one hundred and seventy-eighth page of the first volume of this book of books;———here are two senses—quoth he—And here are two roads, replied I, turning short upon him ——a dirty and a clean one——which shall we take? —The clean, by all means, replied *Eugenius*. *Eugenius*, said I, stepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breast——to define—is to distrust.——Thus I triumph'd over *Eugenius*; but I triumph'd over him as I always do, like a fool.——'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obstinate one: therefore

I define a nose as follows—intreating only beforehand, and beseeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition soever, for the love of God and their own souls, to guard against the temptations and suggestions of the devil, and suffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition—For by the word *Nose*, throughout all this long chapter of noses, and in every other part of my work, where the word *Nose* occurs—I declare, by that word I mean a nose, and nothing more, or less.

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Chapter xxvii.

——"BECAUSE," quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again——"you have little or no nose, Sir."———

S'death! cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his nose,—'tis not so small as that comes to;——'tis a full inch longer than my father's.—Now, my great-grandfather's nose was for all the world like unto the noses of all the men, women, and children, whom *Pantagruel* found dwelling upon the island of Ennasin.———By the way, if you would know the strange way of getting a-kin amongst so flat-nosed a people——you must read the book;——find it out yourself, you never can.——

—'Twas shaped, Sir, like an ace of clubs.

—'Tis a full inch, continued my grandfather, pressing up the ridge of his nose with his finger and thumb; and repeating his assertion——'tis a full inch longer, madam, than my father's——You must mean your uncle's, replied my great-grandmother.

———My great-grandfather was convinced.—He untwisted the paper, and signed the article.

Chapter xxviii.

——WHAT an unconscionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this small estate of ours, quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

My father, replied my grandfather, had no more nose, my dear, saving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.

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—Now, you must know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; so that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,) —during all that time.

No man discharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father.———And as far as a hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that spirited jerk of an honest welcome, which generous souls, and generous souls only, are able to fling down money: but as soon as ever he enter'd upon the odd fifty—he generally gave a loud *Hem!* rubb'd the side of his nose leisurely with the flat part of his fore finger——inserted his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig—look'd at both sides of every guinea as he parted with it——and seldom could get to the end of the fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowances for these workings within us.—Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from ancestors!

For three generations at least this *tenet* in favour of long noses had gradually been taking root in our family. ———Tradition was all along on its side, and Interest was every half-year stepping in to strengthen it; so that the whimsicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almost all his other strange notions.—For in a great measure he might be said to have suck'd this in with his mother's milk. He did his part however.——If education planted the mistake (in case it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in speaking his thoughts

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upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in *England* could stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses.—And for the contrary reason, he would generally add, That it must be one of the greatest problems in civil life, where the same number of long and jolly noses, following one another in a direct line, did not raise and hoist it up into the best vacancies in the kingdom.———He would often boast that the *Shandy* family rank'd very high in King *Harry* the VIIIth's time, but owed its rise to no state engine—he would say—but to that only;——but that, like other families, he would add ——it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's nose.——It was an ace of clubs indeed, he would cry, shaking his head—and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turn'd up trumps.

———Fair and softly, gentle reader!———where is thy fancy carrying thee?——If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's nose, I mean the external organ of smelling, or that part of man which stands prominent in his face——and which painters say, in good jolly noses and well-proportioned faces, should comprehend a full third——that is, measured downwards from the setting on of the hair.——

——What a life of it has an author, at this pass!

Chapter xxxiv.

IT is a singular blessing, that nature has form'd the mind of man with the same happy backwardness and renitency against conviction, which is observed in old dogs—"of not learning new tricks."

What a shuttlecock of a fellow would the greatest

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philosopher that ever existed be whisk'd into at once, did he read such books, and observe such facts, and think such thoughts, as would eternally be making him change sides!

Now, my father, as I told you last year, detested all this—He pick'd up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own—and if he is a man of spirit, he would lose his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that *Didius*, the great civilian, will contest this point; and cry out against me, Whence comes this man's right to this apple? *ex confesso*, he will say—things were in a state of nature—The apple, as much *Frank's* apple as *John's*. Pray, Mr *Shandy*, what patent has he to shew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he set his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chew'd it? or when he roasted it? or when he peel'd, or when he brought it home? or when he digested?——or when he——? ——For 'tis plain, Sir, if the first picking up of the apple, made it not his—that no subsequent act could.

Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will answer—(now *Tribonius* the civilian and church lawyer's beard being three inches and a half and three eighths longer than *Didius* his beard—I'm glad he takes up the cudgels for me, so I give myself no farther trouble about the answer).—Brother *Didius*, *Tribonius* will say, it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the fragments of *Gregorius* and *Hermogines's* codes, and in all the codes from *Justinian's* down to the codes of *Louis* and *Des Eaux*—That the sweat of a man's brows, and the exsudations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own property as the breeches upon his backside;—which said exsudations, &c., being dropp'd upon the said apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indissolubly wasted, and as indissolubly

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annex'd, by the picker up, to the thing pick'd up, carried home, roasted, peel'd, eaten, digested, and so on;——'tis evident that the gatherer of the apple, in so doing, has mix'd up something which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property;—or, in other words, the apple is *John's* apple.

By the same learned chain of reasoning my father stood up for all his opinions; he had spared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better still was his title.——No mortal claimed them; they had cost him moreover as much labour in cooking and digesting as in the case above, so that they might well and truly be said to be of his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held fast by 'em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breast-works, as my uncle *Toby* would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this——the scarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in case of a smart attack; inasmuch as few men of great genius had exercised their parts in writing books upon the subject of great noses: by the trotting of my lean horse, the thing is incredible! and I am quite lost in my understanding, when I am considering what a treasure of precious time and talents together has been wasted upon worse subjects—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all possible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half so much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he set the greater store by; and though my father would oft-times sport with my uncle *Toby's* library—which, by-the-bye, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very same

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time he did it, he collected every book and treatise which had been systematically wrote upon noses, with as much care as my honest uncle *Toby* had done those upon military architecture.——'Tis true, a much less table would have held them—but that was not thy transgression, my dear uncle.——

Here——but why here——rather than in any other part of my story——I am not able to tell:——but here it is——my heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear uncle *Toby*, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness.——Here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiment of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.——Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts——insultedst no man's opinions——Thou blackenedst no man's character—devouredst no man's bread: gently, with faithful *Trim* behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way:—for each one's sorrows, thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need, thou hadst a shilling.

Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up.——Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the *Shandy* family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle *Toby*, shall never be demolish'd.

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Chapter xxvi.

MY father's collection was not great, but to make amends, it was curious; and consequently he was some time in making it; he had the great good fortune however, to set off well, in getting *Bruscambille's* prologue upon long noses, almost for nothing —for he gave no more for *Bruscambille* than three half-crowns; owing indeed to the strong fancy which the stall-man saw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.——There are not three *Bruscambilles* in *Christendom*—said the stall-man, except what are chain'd up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning——took *Bruscambille* into his bosom——hied home from *Piccadilly* to *Coleman*-street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from *Bruscambille* all the way.

To those who do not yet know of which gender *Bruscambille* is————inasmuch as a prologue upon long noses might easily be done by either————'twill be no objection against the simile—to say, That when my father got home, he solaced himself with *Bruscambille* after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your worship solaced yourself with your first mistress———— that is, from morning even unto night: which, by-the-bye, how delightful soever it may prove to the inamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-standers.——Take notice, I go no farther with the simile—my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge—he cool'd —his affections became divided——he got hold of *Prignitz*—purchased *Scroderus*, *Andrea Paræus*, *Bouchet's* Evening Conferences, and above all, the great

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and learned *Hafen Slawkenbergius*; of which, as I shall have much to say by-and-by—I will say nothing now.

Chapter xxxvi.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and study in support of his hypothesis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel disappointment at first, than in the celebrated dialogue between *Pamphagus* and *Cocles*, written by the chaste pen of the great and venerable *Erasmus*, upon the various uses and seasonable applications of long noses.———Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one spot of rising ground to get astride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or if he is so nimble as to slip on —let me beg of you, like an unback'd filly, *to frisk it, to squirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks and short kicks*, till, like *Tickletoby's* mare, you break a strap or a crupper, and throw his worship into the dirt.—You need not kill him.—

—And pray who was *Tickletoby's* mare?—'tis just as discreditable and unscholarlike a question, Sir, as to have asked what year (*ab. urb. con.*) the second Punic war broke out.—Who was *Tickletoby's* mare?——Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read—or by the knowledge of the great saint *Paraleipomenon* —I tell you before-hand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all its sagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, transactions, and truths which still lie mystically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

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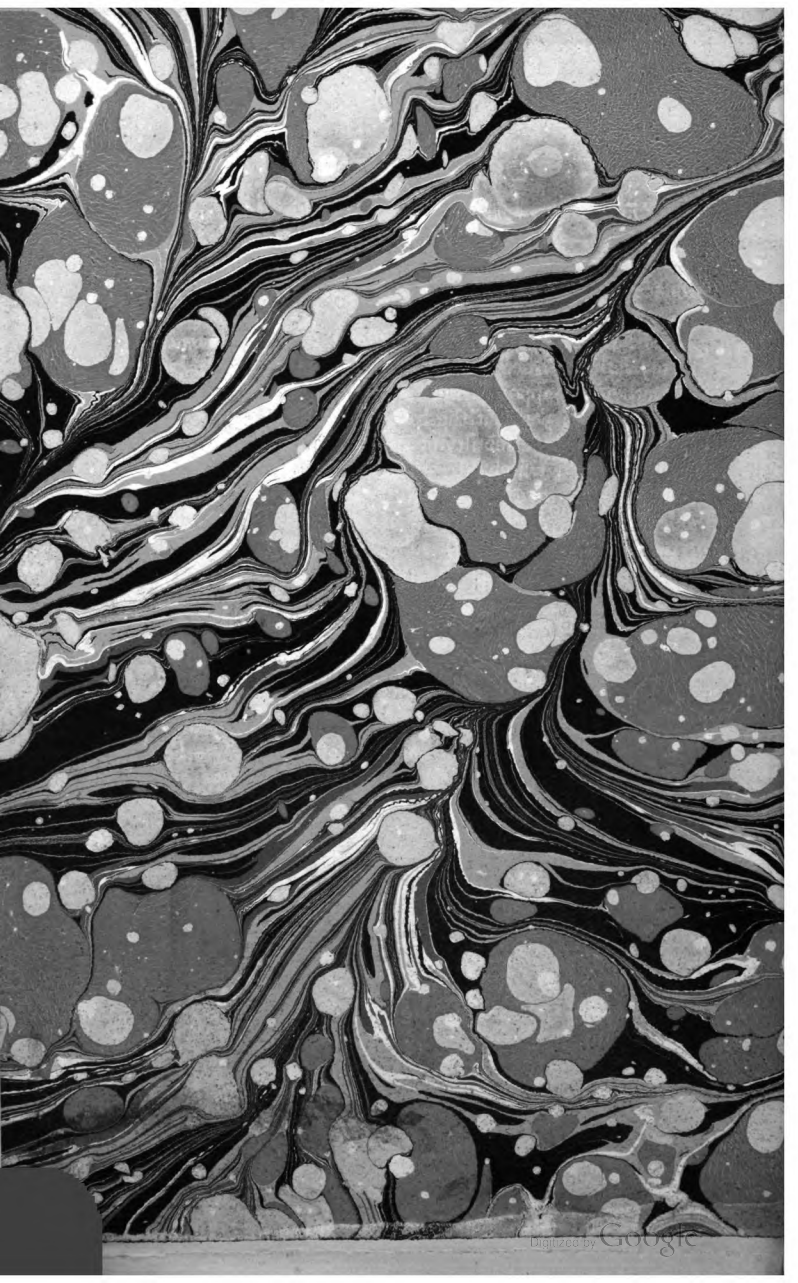
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Chapter xxxvij.

"*NIHIL me pœnitet hujus nasi,*" quoth *Pamphagus*; ——that is—"My nose has been the making of me."————"*Nec est cur pœniteat,*" replies *Cocles*; that is, "How the duce should such a nose fail?"

The doctrine, you see, was laid down by *Erasmus*, as my father wished it, with the utmost plainness; but my father's disappointment was, in finding nothing more from so able a pen, but the bare fact itself; without any of that speculative subtilty or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had bestow'd upon man on purpose to investigate truth, and fight for her on all sides.——My father pish'd and pugh'd at first most terribly———'tis worth something to have a good name. As the dialogue was of *Erasmus*, my father soon came to himself, and read it over and over again with great application, studying every word and every syllable of it thro' and thro' in its most strict and literal interpretation—he could still make nothing of it, that way. Mayhap there is more meant, than is said in it, quoth my father.——Learned men, brother *Toby*, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing.———I'll study the mystick and the allegorick sense——here is some room to turn a man's self in, brother.

My father read on.———

Now I find it needful to inform your reverences and worships, that besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by *Erasmus*, the dialogist affirmeth that a long nose is not without its domestic conveniencies also; for that in a case of distress—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, *ad incitandum focum* (to stir up the fire).

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father

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beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge———so that he had got out his penknife, and was trying experiments upon the sentence, to see if he could not scratch some better sense into it.——I've got within a single letter, brother *Toby*, cried my father, of *Erasmus* his mystic meaning.—You are near enough, brother, replied my uncle, in all conscience.———Pshaw! cried my father, scratching on ——I might as well be seven miles off.—I've done it —said my father, snapping his fingers—See, my dear brother *Toby*, how I have mended the sense.——But you have marr'd a word, replied my uncle *Toby*.—— My father put on his spectacles——bit his lip——— and tore out the leaf in a passion.

Chapter xxxviij.

O *SLAWKENBERGIUS!* thou faithful analyzer of my *Disgrazias*—thou sad foreteller of so many of the whips and short turns which in one stage or other of my life have come slap upon me from the shortness of my nose, and no other cause, that I am conscious of.—Tell me, *Slawkenbergius!* what secret impulse was it? what intonation of voice? whence came it? how did it sound in thy ears?——art thou sure thou heard'st it?——which first cried out to thee———go———go, *Slawkenbergius!* dedicate the labours of thy life——neglect thy pastimes———call forth all the powers and faculties of thy nature—— macerate thyself in the service of mankind, and write a grand FOLIO for them, upon the subject of their noses.

How the communication was conveyed into *Slawkenbergius's* sensorium——so that *Slawkenbergius* should

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know whose finger touch'd the key—and whose hand it was that blew the bellows——as *Hafen Slawkenbergius* has been dead and laid in his grave above fourscore and ten years———we can only raise conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for aught I know, like one of *Whitefield's* disciples——that is, with such a distinct intelligence, Sir, of which of the two *masters* it was that had been practising upon his *instrument* ———as to make all reasoning upon it needless.

———For in the account which *Hafen Slawkenbergius* gives the world of his motives and occasions for writing, and spending so many years of his life upon this one work—towards the end of his prolegomena, which by-the-bye should have come first—— but the bookbinder has most injudiciously placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book, and the book itself—he informs his reader, that ever since he had arrived at the age of discernment, and was able to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the true state and condition of man, and distinguish the main end and design of his being;———or—to shorten my translation, for *Slawkenbergius's* book is in *Latin*, and not a little prolix in this passage—ever since I understood, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, any thing——or rather *what was what*——and could perceive that the point of long noses had been too loosely handled by all who had gone before;——have I, *Slawkenbergius*, felt a strong impulse, with a mighty and unresistible call within me, to gird up myself to this undertaking.

And to do justice to *Slawkenbergius*, he has entered the list with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it than any one man who had ever entered it before him——and indeed, in many respects, deserves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at least, to model their books by

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——for he has taken in, Sir, the whole subject—examined every part of it *dialectically*———then brought it into full day; dilucidating it with all the light which either the collision of his own natural parts could strike—or the profoundest knowledge of the sciences had impowered him to cast upon it—collating, collecting, and compiling———begging, borrowing, and stealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticos of the learned: so that *Slawkenbergius* his book may properly be considered, not only as a model—but as a thorough-stitched DIGEST and regular institute of *noses*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cause it is that I forbear to speak of so many (otherwise) valuable books and treatises of my father's collecting, wrote either, plump upon noses——or collaterally touching them;———such for instance as *Prignitz*, now lying upon the table before me, who with infinite learning, and from the most candid and scholar-like examination of above four thousand different skulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houses in *Silesia*, which he had rummaged———has informed us, that the mensuration and configuration of the osseous or bony parts of human noses, in any *given* tract of country, except *Crim Tartary*, where they are all crush'd down by the thumb, so that no judgment can be formed upon them—are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;—the difference amongst them being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of;——but that the size and jollity of every individual nose, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and sinuses the blood and animal spirits being impell'd and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but

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a step from it (bating the case of idiots, whom *Prignitz*, who had lived many years in *Turky*, supposes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it so happens, and ever must, says *Prignitz*, that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the same reason, that is, because 'tis all comprehended in *Slawkenbergius*, that I say nothing likewise of *Scroderus* (*Andrea*) who, all the world knows, set himself to oppugn *Prignitz* with great violence—proving it in his own way, first *logically*, and then by a series of stubborn facts, "That so far was *Prignitz* from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the nose, that on the contrary—the nose begat the fancy."

—The learned suspected *Scroderus* of an indecent sophism in this—and *Prignitz* cried out aloud in the dispute, that *Scroderus* had shifted the idea upon him ——but *Scroderus* went on, maintaining his thesis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two sides he should take in this affair; when *Ambrose Paræus* decided it in a moment, and by overthrowing the systems, both of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, drove my father out of both sides of the controversy at once.

Be witness———

I don't acquaint the learned reader—in saying it, I mention it only to shew the learned, I know the fact myself———

That this *Ambrose Paræus* was chief surgeon and nose-mender to *Francis* the ninth of *France*, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or succeeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the slip he made in his story of *Taliacotius's* noses, and his manner of setting them on—he was esteemed by the whole college of physicians at that

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time, as more knowing in matters of noses, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now *Ambrose Paræus* convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the world, and upon which *Prignitz* and *Scroderus* had wasted so much learning and fine parts——was neither this nor that——but that the length and goodness of the nose was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse's breast——as the flatness and shortness of *puisne* noses was to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, tho' happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubb'd, so rebuff'd, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam;*——but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother's breast—by sinking into it, quoth *Paræus*, as into so much butter, the nose was comforted, nourish'd, plump'd up, refresh'd, refocillated, and set a growing for ever.

I have but two things to observe of *Paræus;* first, That he proves and explains all this with the utmost chastity and decorum of expression:—for which may his soul for ever rest in peace!

And, secondly, that besides the systems of *Prignitz* and *Scroderus*, which *Ambrose Paræus* his hypothesis effectually overthrew—it overthrew at the same time the system of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turn'd likewise the whole house and every thing in it, except my uncle *Toby*, quite upside down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a dispute between a man and his wife, never surely in any age or country got vent through the key-hole of a street-door.

My mother, you must know——but I have fifty

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things more necessary to let you know first——I have a hundred difficulties which I have promised to clear up, and a thousand distresses and domestick misadventures crowding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the neck of another. A cow broke in (to-morrow morning) to my uncle *Toby's* fortifications, and eat up two rations and a half of dried grass, tearing up the sods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.——*Trim* insists upon being tried by a court-martial—the cow to be shot—*Slop* to be *crucifix'd* —myself to be *tristram'd* and at my very baptism made a martyr of;——poor unhappy devils that we all are! ——I want swaddling————but there is no time to be lost in exclamations————I have left my father lying across his bed, and my uncle *Toby* in his old fringed chair, sitting beside him, and promised I would go back to them in half an hour; and five-and-thirty minutes are laps'd already.————Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever seen in——this certainly is the greatest, for I have *Hafen Slawkenbergius's* folio, Sir, to finish——a dialogue between my father and my uncle *Toby*, upon the solution of *Prignitz*, *Scroderus*, *Ambrose Paræus*, *Ponocrates*, and *Grangousier* to relate —a tale out of *Slawkenbergius* to translate, and all this in five minutes less than no time at all;————such a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only saw the inside of it!

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Chapter xxxix.

THERE was not any one scene more entertaining in our family—and to do it justice in this point; ———and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table close beside my ink-horn, on purpose to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more solemn——that I believe in my soul (unless my love and partiality to my understanding blinds me) the hand of the supreme Maker and first Designer of all things never made or put a family together (in that period at least of it which I have sat down to write the story of)——where the characters of it were cast or contrasted with so dramatick a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intrusted with so unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any one of these was more diverting, I say, in this whimsical theatre of ours——than what frequently arose out of this self-same chapter of long noses——especially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would serve him but to heat my uncle *Toby's* too.

My uncle *Toby* would give my father all possible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would sit smoaking his pipe for whole hours together, whilst my father was practising upon his head, and trying every accessible avenue to drive *Prignitz* and *Scroderus's* solutions into it.

Whether they were above my uncle *Toby's* reason ———or contrary to it———or that his brain was like *damp* timber, and no spark could possibly take hold——or that it was so full of saps, mines, blinds,

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curtins, and such military disqualifications to his seeing clearly into *Prignitz* and *Scroderus's* doctrines——I say not—let schoolmen—scullions, anatomists, and engineers, fight for it among themselves——

'Twas some misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to translate for the benefit of my uncle *Toby*, and render out of *Slawkenbergius's Latin*, of which, as he was no great master, his translation was not always of the purest—— and generally least so where 'twas most wanted.—This naturally open'd a door to a second misfortune;—— that in the warmer paroxysms of his zeal to open my uncle *Toby's* eyes————my father's ideas ran on as much faster than the translation, as the translation outmoved my uncle *Toby's*————neither the one or the other added much to the perspicuity of my father's lecture.

Chapter xl.

THE gift of ratiocination and making syllogisms ——I mean in man—for in superior classes of being, such as angels and spirits——'tis all done, may it please your worships, as they tell me, by INTUITION;—and beings inferior, as your worships all know ——syllogize by their noses: though there is an island swimming in the sea (though not altogether at its ease) whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make very well out too:——— but that's neither here nor there———

The gift of doing it as it should be, amongst us, or —the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the

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intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*); just as a man, as *Locke* well observes, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin-alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxta-position*.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my uncle *Toby's* deportment—what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it——surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb————then fore-right————then this way, and then that, in all its possible directions and foreshortenings————he would have concluded my uncle *Toby* had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order, as my father laid them before him. This, by-the-bye, was more than my father wanted——his aim in all the pains he was at in these philosophick lectures—was to enable my uncle *Toby* not to *discuss*——but *comprehend* ——to *hold* the grains and scruples of learning——not to *weigh* them.——My uncle *Toby*, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

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Chapter xli.

'TIS a pity, cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours' painful translation of *Slawkenbergius*——'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he spoke——that truth, brother *Toby*, should shut herself up in such impregnable fastnesses, and be so obstinate as not to surrender herself sometimes up upon the closest siege.———

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle *Toby's* fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of *Prignitz* to him——— having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowling-green;———his body might as well have taken a turn there too—so that with all the semblance of a deep school-man intent upon the *medius terminus*———my uncle *Toby* was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all its pros and cons, as if my father had been translating *Hafen Slawkenbergius* from the *Latin* tongue into the *Cherokee*. But the word *siege*, like a talismanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my uncle *Toby's* fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch—he open'd his ears——and my father observing that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and shuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a desire to profit—my father with great pleasure began his sentence again——changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the siege of it, to keep clear of some dangers my father apprehended from it.

'Tis a pity, said my father, that truth can only be on one side, brother *Toby*———considering what ingenuity these learned men have all shewn in their solutions of noses.——Can noses be dissolved? replied my uncle *Toby*.

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———My father thrust back his chair———rose up—put on his hat———took four long strides to the door———jerked it open——thrust his head half way out——shut the door again——took no notice of the bad hinge——returned to the table—pluck'd my mother's thread-paper out of *Slawkenbergius's* book ———went hastily to his bureau—walked slowly back—twisted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb—unbutton'd his waistcoat—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire——bit her sattin pin-cushion in two, fill'd his mouth with bran—confounded it;—but mark!—the oath of confusion was levell'd at my uncle *Toby's* brain—which was e'en confused enough already——the curse came charged only with the bran —the bran, may it please your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; for so long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't; and it is one of the most unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my observations of human nature, that nothing should prove my father's mettle so much, or make his passions go off so like gunpowder, as the unexpected strokes his science met with from the quaint simplicity of my uncle *Toby's* questions.——Had ten dozen of hornets stung him behind in so many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer seconds———or started half so much, as with one single *quære* of three words unseasonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horsical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle *Toby*———he smoaked his pipe on with unvaried composure——his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could seldom find out where the sting of it lay——he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himself.——

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He was five minutes and thirty-five seconds about it in the present case.

By all that's good! said my father, swearing, as he came to himself, and taking the oath out of *Ernulphus's* digest of curses——(though to do my father justice it was a fault (as he told Dr *Slop* in the affair of *Ernulphus*) which he as seldom committed as any man upon earth)———By all that's good and great! brother *Toby*, said my father, if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do —you would put a man beside all temper.——Why, by the *solutions* of noses, of which I was telling you, I meant, as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the causes of short and long noses.——There is no cause but one, replied my uncle *Toby*——why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so.——That is *Grangousier's* solution, said my father.—'Tis he, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom.——'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philosophical——there is more religion in it than sound science. 'Twas no inconsistent part of my uncle *Toby's* character——that he feared God, and reverenced religion.——So the moment my father finished his remark——my uncle *Toby* fell a whistling *Lillabullero* with more zeal (though more out of tune) than usual.—

What is become of my wife's thread-paper?

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Chapter xlij.

NO matter—as an appendage to seamstressy, the thread-paper might be of some consequence to my mother—of none to my father, as a mark in *Slawkenbergius*. *Slawkenbergius* in every page of him was a rich treasure of inexhaustible knowledge to my father—he could not open him amiss; and he would often say in closing the book, that if all the arts and sciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were lost—should the wisdom and policies of governments, he would say, through disuse, ever happen to be forgot, and all that statesmen had wrote or caused to be written, upon the strong or the weak sides of courts and kingdoms, should they be forgot also—and *Slawkenbergius* only left——there would be enough in him in all conscience, he would say, to set the world a-going again. A treasure therefore was he indeed! an institute of all that was necessary to be known of noses, and every thing else—at *matin*, noon, and vespers was *Hafen Slawkenbergius* his recreation and delight: 'twas for ever in his hands——you would have sworn, Sir, it had been a canon's prayer-book—so worn, so glazed, so contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts, from one end even unto the other.

I am not such a bigot to *Slawkenbergius* as my father;——there is a fund in him, no doubt: but in my opinion, the best, I don't say the most profitable, but the most amusing part of *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, is his tales————and, considering he was a *German*, many of them told not without fancy:————these take up his second book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales————Philosophy is not built upon

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tales; and therefore 'twas certainly wrong in *Slawkenbergius* to send them into the world by that name!——there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own seem rather playful and sportive, than speculative—but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of so many independent facts, all of them turning round somehow or other upon the main hinges of his subject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as so many illustrations upon the doctrines of noses.

As we have leisure enough upon our hands——if you give me leave, madam, I'll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.

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BOOK IV.

SLAWKENBERGII FABELLA.*

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, *peregrinus, mulo fusco colore insidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repleta,* Argentoratum *ingressus est.*

Militi eum percontanti, quum portas intraret dixit, se apud Nasorum promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiæ mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit——Dî boni, nova forma nasi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inseruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et processit.

* As *Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nasis* is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophic—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

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BOOK IV.

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE.

IT was one cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of *August*, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-sattin pair of breeches, entered the town of *Strasburg*.

He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of Noses—was going on to *Frankfort*——and should be back again at *Strasburg* that day month, in his way to the borders of *Crim Tartary*.

The centinel looked up into the stranger's face—— he never saw such a Nose in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger—so slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black ribbon, to which a short scymetar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtesy touching the fore part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right——he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and passed on.

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Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginam perdidisse: itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci; neque vaginam toto Argentorato, *habilem inveniet.———Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus respiciens———seque comiter inclinans —hoc more gesto, nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progrediente, ut nasum tueri possim.*

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, e pergamenâ factitius est.

Prout christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi ait tympanista.

Mehercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo tetigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibidem tubicine et uxore suâ qui tunc accesserunt, et peregrino prætereunte, restiterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternutamento audias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod æneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini gradu lento progressus est, ut unumquodque verbum controversiæ, non tantum inter militem et

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It grieves me, said the centinel, speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-legg'd drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard———he cannot travel without one to his scymetar, and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all *Strasburg*.——I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke——I carry it, continued he, thus——holding up his naked scymetar, his mule moving on slowly all the time—on purpose to defend my nose.

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the centinel.

——'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy-legg'd drummer——'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true catholic—except that it is six times as big—'tis a nose, said the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By dunder, said the centinel, I saw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by.

Benedicity!———What a nose! 'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same metal, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

—'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, said his wife.

I tell thee again, said the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen nose.

I'll know the bottom of it, said the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate, that he heard every word of the dispute, not only

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tympanistam, verum etiam inter tubicinem et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum frena demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus positis, (mulo lentè progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille respiciens, non necesse est ut res isthæc dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus—Ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis sancto Nicolao; quo facto, in sinum dextrum inserens, e quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis sericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato Περιζώματι, *his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.*

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exuit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticæ imposuit mulumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

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betwixt the centinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and trumpeter's wife.

No! said he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breast, the one over the other, in a saint-like position (his mule going on easily all the time) No! said he, looking up—I am not such a debtor to the world——slandered and disappointed as I have been—as to give it that conviction——no! said he, my nose shall never be touched whilst Heaven gives me strength——To do what? said a burgomaster's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife——he was making a vow to *Saint Nicolas*; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left-hand, and putting his right hand into his bosom, with his scymetar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on, as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, thro' the principal streets of *Strasburg*, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place over-against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimson-sattin breeches, with a silver-fringed—(appendage to them, which I dare not translate)—he put his breeches, with his fringed codpiece on, and forthwith, with his short scymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the opposite side of it—so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn—undressed himself, packed up his crimson-sattin breeches, &c., in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for *Frankfort*——and shall be back at *Strasburg* this day month.

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Bene curasti hoc jumentum? (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondet hospes, nisi plurimum esset negoti.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum promontorio redii, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur——Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasis duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major est!—estne, ait illa mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mî, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor——
Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, terebinthinum olet——

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.
Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.
Vivus est ait illa,—et si ipsa vivam tangam.

Votum feci sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad—Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minimo tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam——Quam horam? ait illa ——Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad—Quem locum,—obsecro? ait illa——Peregrinus nil respondens mulo conscenso discessit.

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I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine—it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues.

——'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the master of the inn——unless a man has great business.——Tut! tut! said the stranger, I have been at the Promontory of Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose——By saint *Radagunda*, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all *Strasburg!* is it not, said she, whispering her husband in his ear, is it not a noble nose?

'Tis an imposture, my dear, said the master of the inn——'tis a false nose.

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he, I smell the turpentine.———

There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live nose, and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to saint *Nicolas* this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till—Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up.———Till when? said she hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour—What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.—Never!—never! said the stranger, never till I am got—For Heaven's sake, into what place? said she———The stranger rode away without saying a word.

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The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards *Frankfort* before all the city of *Strasburg* was in an uproar about his nose. The *Compline* bells were just ringing to call the *Strasburgers* to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no soul in all *Strasburg* heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees———men, women, and children (the *Compline* bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another——this way and that way—long ways and cross ways—up one street, down another street——in at this alley, out of that ———did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it?———who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who saw it?

Alack o'day! I was at vespers!—I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring, I was quilting——God help me! I never saw it——I never touch'd it! ———would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of *Strasburg*.

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed throughout the great city of *Strasburg*, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to *Frankfort*, as if he had no concern at all in the affair———talking all the way he rode in broken sentences, sometimes to his mule—sometimes to himself—sometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!—nay I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle——that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it.——

——Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle—never mind it——thou shalt have a better supper at night.

——Banish'd from my country——my friends——from thee.——

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Poor devil, thou'rt sadly tired with thy journey! ——come—get on a little faster—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts——a crimson-sattin pair of breeches, and a fringed——Dear Julia!

——But why to *Frankfort?*—is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts?

——Stumbling! by saint *Nicolas!* every step—why, at this rate we shall be all night in getting in———

——To happiness——or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander—destined to be driven forth unconvicted——unheard——untouch'd——if so, why did I not stay at *Strasburg*, where justice—but I had sworn! Come, thou shalt drink—to *St Nicolas*—O Julia!———What dost thou prick up thy ears at? ——'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The stranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted———saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of ——took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-sattin breeches, &c., in it—called for an omelet to his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour when the tumult in *Strasburg* being abated for that night,—the *Strasburgers* had all got quietly into their beds—but not like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies; queen *Mab*, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of slitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in *Strasburg* to hold them. The abbess of *Quedlingberg*, who with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the

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sub-chantress, and senior canoness, had that week come to *Strasburg* to consult the university upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes————was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night thro' for it——there was no keeping a limb still amongst them——in short, they got up like so many ghosts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of saint *Francis* ——the nuns of mount *Calvary*——the *Præmonstratenses*——the *Clunienses* *——the *Carthusians*, and all the severer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were still in a worse condition than the abbess of *Quedlingberg*—by tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling from one side of their beds to the other the whole night long——the several sisterhoods had scratch'd and maul'd themselves all to death——they got out of their beds almost flay'd alive —every body thought saint *Antony* had visited them for probation with his fire——they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long from vespers to matins.

The nuns of saint *Ursula* acted the wisest—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of *Strasburg*, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of butter'd buns) all wished they had followed the nuns of saint *Ursula's* example.————

In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their

* *Hafen Slawkenbergius* means the Benedictine nuns of *Cluny*, founded in the year 940, by *Odo*, abbé de *Cluny*.

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leaven—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfast in all *Strasburg*—the whole close of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion———such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in *Strasburg*, since *Martin Luther*, with his doctrines, had turned the city upside down.

If the stranger's nose took this liberty of thrusting himself thus into the dishes * of religious orders, &c., what a carnival did his nose make of it, in those of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe; tho' I acknowledge, (*cries* Slawkenbergius, *with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him*) that there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life———tho' I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the *Strasburgers'* fantasies was so general—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the *Strasburgers'* minds—so many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it—every soul, good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned———doctor and student———mistress and maid———gentle and simple———nun's flesh and woman's flesh, in *Strasburg* spent their time in

* Mr *Shandy's* compliments to orators———is very sensible that *Slawkenbergius* has here changed his metaphor——— which he is very guilty of:———that as a translator, Mr *Shandy* has all along done what he could to make him stick to it—but that here 'twas impossible.

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hearing tidings about it—every eye in *Strasburg* languished to see it——every finger——every thumb in *Strasburg* burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add, to so vehement a desire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaster's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and description of the stranger's nose—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to *Frankfort*, and would not return to *Strasburg* till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty—the finest-made man—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of *Strasburg*—that as he rode, with scymetar slung loosely to his wrist, thro' the streets—and walked with his crimson-sattin breeches across the parade—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal——as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited, to justify the abbess of *Quedlingberg*, the prioress, the deaness, and sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of *Strasburg* with her husband's trumpet in her hand, ——the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

The centinel and bandy-legg'd drummer!——nothing on this side of old *Athens* could equal them!

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they read their lectures under the city-gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a *Chrysippus* and a *Crantor* in their porticos.

The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left-hand, read his also in the same stile—under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard—his wife, hers more privately in a back room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshal'd them ——in a word, each *Strasburger* came crouding for intelligence——and every *Strasburger* had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c., that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbess of *Quedlingberg's* private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade,——she incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of *Strasburg* for her auditory—— But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries *Slawkenbergius*) has a *trumpet* for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

Whilst the unlearned, thro' these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court——— were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction——— they concerned themselves not with facts———they reasoned———

Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the Faculty—had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of *Wens* and œdematous swellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls———the stranger's nose

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had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous swellings.

It was demonstrated however very satisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was *in Utero*, without destroying the statical balance of the fœtus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.———

——The opponents granted the theory——they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, &c., said they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first stamina and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world (bating the case of Wens) it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable—In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long as a man had but one stomach and one pair of lungs——For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle—and the lungs the only engine of sanguification—it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the possibility of a man's overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time———that is, it could produce just as much

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blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man—— they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies, cried the opponents—else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?

He dies of a plethora, said they—or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.———

——It happens otherwise—replied the opponents.——

It ought not, said they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the Faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that nature, though she sported——she sported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the literati;———they began and ended with the word Nose; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

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A nose, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood—but blood circulating in it to supply the phænomenon with a succession of drops —(a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included, said he).——Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the stagnation of the blood——

I deny the definition——Death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist——Then we don't agree about our weapons, said the logician —Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concise: what they offered being more in the nature of a decree——than a dispute.

Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society——and if false—to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true nor false.

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger *ex mero motu* had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c. &c.———To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the bishop of *Strasburg* undertook the advocates, explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, shewing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegorick ex-

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pression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities,* which had decided the point incontestably, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened——I must not say unluckily for Truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two universities of *Strasburg*——the *Lutheran*, founded in the year 1538 by *Jacobus Surmis*, counsellor of the senate,——and the *Popish*, founded by *Leopold*, arch-duke of *Austria*, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of *Quedlingberg's* placket-holes required)——in determining the point of *Martin Luther's* damnation.

The *Popish* doctors had undertaken to demonstrate *à priori*, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of *October* 1483———when the moon was in the twelfth house, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus* in the third, the *Sun*, *Saturn*, and *Mercury*, all got together in the fourth—that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man—and that his

* Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utun. Quinimo & Logistæ & Canonistæ——Vid. Parce Barne Jas in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. n. 7. quâ etiam in re conspir. Om de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend. empt. &c. necnon J. Scrudr. in cap. § refut. per totum. Cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fid coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583. præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem olim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

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doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio * (in reading this my father would always shake his head) in the ninth house, which the *Arabians* allotted to religion—it appeared that *Martin Luther* did not care one stiver about the matter————and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of *Mars*—they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming—— with the blast of which his soul (being steep'd in guilt) sailed before the wind, in the lake of hell-fire.

The little objection of the *Lutheran* doctors to this, was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born *Oct.* 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner—inasmuch as it appeared from the register of *Islaben* in the county of *Mansfelt*, that *Luther* was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of *October*, but on the 10th of *November*, the eve of *Martinmas* day, from whence he had the name of *Martin*.

[——I must break off my translation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of *Quedlingberg* ——It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of *Slawkenbergius* to my uncle *Toby*, but with triumph————not over my uncle *Toby*, for he never opposed him in it——but over the whole world.

* Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scorpio Asterismo in nona cœli statione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit *Martinum Lutherum* sacrilegum hereticum, Christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad infernos navigavit—ab Alecto, Tisiphone & Megara flagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

——Lucas Gaurieus in Tractatu astrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

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—Now you see, brother *Toby*, he would say, looking up, "that christian names are not such indifferent things;"————had *Luther* here been called by any other name but *Martin*, he would have been damn'd to all eternity————Not that I look upon *Martin*, he would add, as a good name——far from it——'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little——yet little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best logician could shew him——yet so strange is the weakness of man at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in *Hafen Slawkenbergius's* Decads full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight———— it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together—— his NAMES and his NOSES.——I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the *Alexandrian* Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of *Strasburg* were hard tugging at this affair of *Luther's* navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether *Martin* had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose

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drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about——it was their business to follow.

The abbess of *Quedlingberg* and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience——the affair of their placket-holes kept cold—in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types——all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap with a silver tassel upon the crown of it—to a nut-shell—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried one.

'Tis a fiddle-stick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinosarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinosarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popish doctors.——'Tis false, said their other opponents.——

Infinite power is infinite power, said the doctors who maintained the *reality* of the nose.—It extends only to all possible things, replied the *Lutherans*.

By God in heaven, cried the Popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of *Strasburg*.

Now the steeple of *Strasburg* being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinosarians denied that a nose of 575 geo-

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metrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-siz'd man——The Popish doctors swore it could—The *Lutheran* doctors said No;—it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God—That controversy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute—it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of school-divinity——and then they all sailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c., instead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the *Strasburgers'* imaginations to a most inordinate degree——The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied——saw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one side —the Popish doctors on the other, like *Pantagruel* and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked out of sight.

——The poor *Strasburgers* left upon the beach!

——What was to be done?—No delay—the uproar increased——every one in disorder——the city gates set open.——

Unfortunate *Strasburgers!* was there in the storehouse of nature————was there in the lumber-rooms of learning————was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of Fate to play upon your hearts?——I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the surrender of yourselves—'tis to write your panegyrick.

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Shew me a city so macerated with expectation—who neither eat, or drank, or slept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature for seven-and-twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous stranger had promised to return to *Strasburg*.

Seven thousand coaches (*Slawkenbergius* must certainly have made some mistake in his numeral characters) 7000 coaches——15,000 single-horse chairs—20,000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with senators, counsellors, syndicks—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—The abbess of *Quedlingberg*, with the prioress, the deaness and sub-chantress, leading the procession in one coach, and the dean of *Strasburg*, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left-hand—the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could; some on horseback——some on foot——some led——some driven——some down the *Rhine*——some this way ——some that——all set out at sun-rise to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

Haste we now towards the catastrophe of my tale ———I say *Catastrophe* (cries *Slawkenbergius*) inasmuch as a tale, with parts rightly disposed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*) in the *Catastrophe* and *Peripetia* of a Drama, but rejoiceth moreover in all the essential and integrant parts of it——it has its *Protasis*, *Epitasis*, *Catastasis*, its *Catastrophe* or *Peripetia* growing one out of the other in it, in the order *Aristotle* first planted them——without which a tale had better never be told at all, says *Slawkenbergius*, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decads, have I *Slawkenbergius* tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

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——From his first parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of *Strasburg*, after pulling off his crimson-sattin pair of breeches, is the *Protasis* or first entrance——where the characters of the *Personæ Dramatis* are just touched in, and the subject slightly begun.

The *Epitasis*, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height called the *Catastasis*, and which usually takes up the 2d and 3d act, is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade: and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctors finally sailing away, and leaving the *Strasburgers* upon the beach in distress, is the *Catastasis* or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of the *Strasburgers* in the *Frankfort* road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as *Aristotle* calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, constitutes the *Catastrophe* or *Peripetia* of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep——he enters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man upon a horse——was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master's word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to *Strasburg* that night. What a fool am I, said the

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traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into *Strasburg* this night.—*Strasburg!*——the great *Strasburg!*——*Strasburg*, the capital of all *Alsatia! Strasburg*, an imperial city! *Strasburg*, a sovereign state! *Strasburg*, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of *Strasburg* this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay a ducat and half—'tis too much——better go back to the last inn I have passed——than lie I know not where——or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

———We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread———and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it——but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing.———

Alas! said the traveller, harrassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.———I have one as soft as is in *Alsatia*, said the host.

——The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose.———He has got a defluxion, said the traveller.——Not that I know, cried the host.——But 'tis a camp-bed, and *Jacinta*, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in.———Why so? cried the traveller, starting back.—It is so long a nose, replied the host.——The traveller fixed his eyes upon *Jacinta*, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast———Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again.——'Tis no trifle, said *Jacinta*, 'tis the most glorious nose!——The

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traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breast—then, said he, looking up to heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'Tis *Diego*.

The traveller was the brother of the *Julia*, so often invoked that night by the stranger as he rode from *Strasburg* upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from *Valadolid* across the *Pyrenean* mountains through *France*, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

——*Julia* had sunk under it————and had not been able to go a step farther than to *Lyons*, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of ——but few feel—she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to *Diego*; and having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, *Julia* took to her bed.

Fernandez (for that was her brother's name)—— tho' the camp-bed was as soft as any one in *Alsace*, yet he could not shut his eyes in it.——As soon as it was day he rose, and hearing *Diego* was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows:

"Seig. DIEGO,

"Whether my suspicions of your nose were justly excited or not————'tis not now to inquire—it is enough I have not had firmness to put them to farther tryal.

"How could I know so little of myself, when I sent my *Duenna* to forbid your coming more under my lattice? or how could I know so little of you, *Diego*, as

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to imagine you would not have staid one day in *Valadolid* to have given ease to my doubts?—Was I to be abandoned, *Diego*, because I was deceived? or was it kind to take me at my word, whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and sorrow?

"In what manner *Julia* has resented this——my brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, will tell you; He will tell you in how few moments she repented of the rash message she had sent you——in what frantic haste she flew to her lattice, and how many days and nights together she leaned immoveably upon her elbow, looking through it towards the way which *Diego* was wont to come.

"He will tell you, when she heard of your departure —how her spirits deserted her——how her heart sicken'd——how piteously she mourned——how low she hung her head. O *Diego!* how many weary steps has my brother's pity led me by the hand languishing to trace out yours; how far has desire carried me beyond strength——and how oft have I fainted by the way, and sunk into his arms, with only power to cry out—O my *Diego!*

"If the gentleness of your carriage has not belied your heart, you will fly to me, almost as fast as you fled from me—haste as you will——you will arrive but to see me expire.———'Tis a bitter draught, *Diego*, but oh! 'tis embitter'd still more by dying *un*———"

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her strength would not enable her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous *Diego* overflowed as he read the letter———he ordered his mule forthwith and *Fernandez's* horse to be saddled; and as no vent

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in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts——chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diseases*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window——*Diego* availed himself of it, and whilst the hostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows.

ODE.

Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
Unless my Julia *strikes the key,*
Her hand alone can touch the part,
Whose dulcet move-
ment charms the heart,
And governs all the man with sympathetick sway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural——for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says *Slawkenbergius*, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seig. *Diego* was slow in composing verses—or the hostler quick in saddling mules——is not averred; certain it was, that *Diego's* mule and *Fernandez's* horse were ready at the door of the inn, before *Diego* was ready for his second stanza; so without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the *Rhine*, traversed *Alsace*, shaped their course towards *Lyons*, and before the *Strasburgers* and the abbess of *Quedlingberg* had set out on their cavalcade, had *Fernandez*, *Diego*, and his *Julia*, crossed the *Pyrenean* mountains, and got safe to *Valadolid*.

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that when *Diego* was in *Spain*, it was not possible to meet

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the courteous stranger in the *Frankfort* road; it is enough to say, that of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest——the *Strasburgers* felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the *Frankfort* road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home.——When alas! an event was prepared for them, of all other, the most grievous that could befal a free people.

As this revolution of the *Strasburgers'* affairs is often spoken of, and little understood, I will, in ten words, says *Slawkenbergius*, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of Mons. *Colbert*, and put in manuscript into the hands of *Lewis* the fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of *Strasburg*, to favour an entrance at all times into *Suabia*, in order to disturb the quiet of *Germany*——and that in consequence of this plan, *Strasburg* unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of a few to trace out the true springs of this and such like revolutions—The vulgar look too high for them—Statesmen look too low——Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian—The *Strasburgers* deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garrison——so fell a prey to a *French* one.

The fate, says another, of the *Strasburgers*, may be a warning to all free people to save their money. ——They anticipated their revenues——brought themselves under taxes, exhausted their strength, and in the end became so weak a people, they had not

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strength to keep their gates shut, and so the *French* pushed them open.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, 'twas not the *French*,——'twas CURIOSITY pushed them open——— The *French* indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they saw the *Strasburgers*, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the stranger's nose——each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever since—but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noses have ever so run in their heads, that the *Strasburgers* could not follow their business.

Alas! alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, making an exclamation—it is not the first——and I fear will not be the last fortress that has been either won——or lost by NOSES.

THE END OF

Slawkenbergius's TALE.

Chapter i.

WITH all this learning upon Noses running perpetually in my father's fancy——with so many family prejudices—and ten decads of such tales running on for ever along with them——how was it possible with such exquisite——was it a true nose?——That a man with such exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the shock at all below stairs——or indeed above stairs, in any other posture, but the very posture I have described?

——Throw yourself down upon the bed, a dozen times——taking care only to place a looking-glass

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first in a chair on one side of it, before you do it—But was the stranger's nose a true nose, or was it a false one?

To tell that before-hand, madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the Christian-world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decad, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried *Slawkenbergius*, somewhat exultingly, has been reserved by me for the concluding tale of my whole work; knowing right well, that when I shall have told it, and my reader shall have read it thro'—'twould be even high time for both of us to shut up the book; inasmuch, continues *Slawkenbergius*, as I know of no tale which could possibly ever go down after it.

'Tis a tale indeed!

This sets out with the first interview in the inn at *Lyons*, when *Fernandez* left the courteous stranger and his sister *Julia* alone in her chamber, and is overwritten

THE INTRICACIES

OF

Diego and *Julia*.

Heavens! thou art a strange creature, *Slawkenbergius!* what a whimsical view of the involutions of the heart of woman hast thou opened! how this can ever be translated, and yet if this specimen of *Slawkenbergius's* tales, and the exquisitiveness of his moral, should please the world—translated shall a couple of volumes be.——Else, how this can ever be translated into good *English*, I have no sort of conception—There seems in some passages to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.——What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow,

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low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone——which you know, madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings, about the region of the heart.———The brain made no acknowledgment.——There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em—I felt as if I understood it.——I had no ideas.——The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it—unless, may it please your worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within six inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?——But it can't be avoided—for to look up to the ceiling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet——and to look down into each other's lap, the foreheads come to immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference——I mean to the sentimental part of it.——What is left, madam, is not worth stooping for.

Chapter ij.

MY father lay stretched across the bed as still as if the hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-side; my uncle *Toby's* heart was a pound lighter for it.———In a few moments, his left-hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling—he thrust it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom—gave a hem! My good uncle *Toby*, with infinite pleasure, answered

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it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded: but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing moreover that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now whether the compression shortened my uncle *Toby's* face into a more pleasurable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles——so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.——My father, in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of sunshine in his face, as melted down the sullenness of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows.

Chapter iii.

DID ever man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, raising himself upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed, where my uncle *Toby* was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch——did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother *Toby*, cried my father, receive so many lashes?——The most I ever saw given, quoth my uncle *Toby* (ringing the bell at the bed's head for *Trim*) was to a grenadier, I think in *Mackay's* regiment.

———Had my uncle *Toby* shot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

Bless me! said my uncle *Toby*.

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Chapter iv.

WAS it *Mackay's* regiment, quoth my uncle *Toby*, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at *Bruges* about the ducats?—O Christ! he was innocent! cried *Trim*, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour.———I thank thee, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——I never think of his, continued *Trim*, and my poor brother *Tom's* misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.——Tears are no proof of cowardice, *Trim*.—I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle *Toby*.——I know your honour does, replied *Trim*, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your honour, continued *Trim*, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke—to think of two virtuous lads with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into such evils!—poor *Tom!* to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who sold sausages—honest *Dick Johnson's* soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O!—these are misfortunes, cried *Trim*,—pulling out his handkerchief—these are misfortunes, may it please your honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help blushing.

'Twould be a pity, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own—thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the corporal,

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brightening up his face———your honour knows I have neither wife or child——I can have no sorrows in this world.——My father could not help smiling.—As few as any man, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art passed all services, *Trim*—and hast outlived thy friends. ——An' please your honour, never fear, replied *Trim*, chearily.——But I would have thee never fear, *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, and therefore, continued my uncle *Toby*, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—in recompence, *Trim*, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling——thou shalt never ask elsewhere, *Trim*, for a penny. *Trim* attempted to thank my uncle *Toby*—but had not power——tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his breast——made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

——I have left *Trim* my bowling-green, cried my uncle *Toby*.——My father smiled.———I have left him moreover a pension, continued my uncle *Toby*. ——My father looked grave.

Chapter b.

IS this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

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Chapter vi.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my uncle *Toby* had shot him; but it was not added that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed with his nose into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described; so that when corporal *Trim* left the room, and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, madam——'tis the transition from one attitude to another——like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor——pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raised himself up upon his elbow—and was just beginning to address himself to my uncle *Toby* —when recollecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude——he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my uncle *Toby*; and laying the three first fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle *Toby* as follows:

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Chapter viij.

WHEN I reflect, brother *Toby*, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider, brother *Toby*, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance———I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting my father—but my commission. Zooks! said my father, did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?———What could I have done without it? replied my uncle *Toby*———That's another concern, said my father testily—But I say, *Toby*, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross-reckonings and sorrowful *Items* with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature. ———'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God, cried my uncle *Toby*, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together——'tis not from our own strength, brother *Shandy*——a centinel in a wooden centry-box might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men.——We are upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of untying it.——But give me leave to lead you, brother *Toby*, a little deeper into the mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle *Toby*.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which *Socrates* is so finely painted by *Raffael* in his school of *Athens*; which your connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that

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even the particular manner of the reasoning of *Socrates* is expressed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left-hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and seems as if he was saying to the libertine he is reclaiming———"*You grant me* this——and this: and this, and this, I don't ask of you—they follow of themselves in course."

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my uncle *Toby* as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs——O *Garrick!*—what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it.

Chapter viij.

THOUGH man is of all others the most curious vehicle, said my father, yet at the same time 'tis of so slight a frame, and so totteringly put together, that the sudden jerks and hard jostlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overset and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day——was it not, brother *Toby*, that there is a secret spring within us.—Which spring, said my uncle *Toby*, I take to be Religion.—Will that set my child's nose on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other.——It makes every thing straight for us, answered my uncle *Toby*.——Figuratively speaking, dear *Toby*, it may, for aught I know, said my father; but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastic power within us of counterbalancing evil, which, like a secret spring in a well-ordered machine,

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though it can't prevent the shock——at least it imposes upon our sense of it.

Now, my dear brother, said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point——had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of christian names, and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts—Heaven is witness! that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have spread around it.

But alas! continued my father, as the greatest evil has befallen him——I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened *Trismegistus*, brother.

I wish it may answer——replied my uncle *Toby*, rising up.

Chapter ix.

WHAT a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my uncle *Toby* were going down stairs—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother *Toby*, and calculate it fairly——I know no more of calculation than this balluster, said my uncle *Toby* (striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow souse upon his shin-bone)——'Twas a hundred to one—cried my uncle *Toby*—I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his shin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother *Toby*. 'Tis a

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mere chance, said my uncle *Toby*.———Then it adds one to the chapter——replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once—it was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation—— to guess it—there was no chance——What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and in truth I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—— a chapter of noses?—No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle *Toby's* modesty? to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep—by my great-grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother *Toby*, said my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps should have the ill luck just to fall upon and break down that one part, which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.

It might have been worse, replied my uncle *Toby*. ——I don't comprehend, said my father.———Suppose the hip had presented, replied my uncle *Toby*, as Dr *Slop* foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute—looked down ——touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger———

—True, said he.

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Chapter x.

IS it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom; and for aught I know, as my father and my uncle *Toby* are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps:——let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny:—A sudden impulse comes across me——drop the curtain, *Shandy*——I drop it—Strike a line here across the paper, *Tristram*—I strike it—and hey for a new chapter.

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twist it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cause demands it——a pretty story! is a man to follow rules————or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse——that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic cast they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes——with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him?—O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of *Diana's* temple—you must read *Longinus*—read away—if you are not a jot the wiser

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by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again—*Avicenna* and *Licetus* read *Aristotle's* metaphysicks forty times through a-piece, and never understood a single word.—But mark the consequence—*Avicenna* turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni scribili*; and for *Licetus* (*Fortunio*) though all the world knows he was born a fœtus,* of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself———the learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the origin of the human soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I

* *Ce Fœtus* n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais son pere l'ayant éxaminé en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'etoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jerôme Bardi & à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essentiel à la vie; & son pere pour faire voir un essai de son experience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on se sert pour faire écclorre les Poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une Nourisse de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre son fils dans un pour proprement accommodé, il reussit à l'élever & à lui faire prendre ses accroissemens necessaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangere mesurée éxactement sur les dégrés d'un Thermométre, ou d'un autre instrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours été très satisfait de l'industrie d'un pere si experimenté dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pû prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d'années.

Mais quand on se represente que l'Enfant a vecu près de quatre-vingts ans, & qu'il a composé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraisemblance n'est pas toujours du côté de la Verité.*

Il n'avoit que dix neuf ans lorsqu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfans celebres, revûs & corrigés par M. de la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoise.)

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hold to be the best chapter in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking straws.

Chapter xi.

WE shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing.—This *Trismegistus*, continued my father, drawing his leg back and turning to my uncle *Toby*——was the greatest (*Toby*) of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king——the greatest law-giver——the greatest philosopher——and the greatest priest——and engineer—said my uncle *Toby*.

———In course, said my father.

Chapter xii.

— AND how does your mistress? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to *Susannah*, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pincushion in her hand—how does your mistress? As well, said *Susannah*, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected.—What a fool am I! said my father, drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother *Toby*, 'tis ever the precise answer ——And how is the child, pray?——No answer. And where is Dr *Slop?* added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballusters—*Susannah* was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father,

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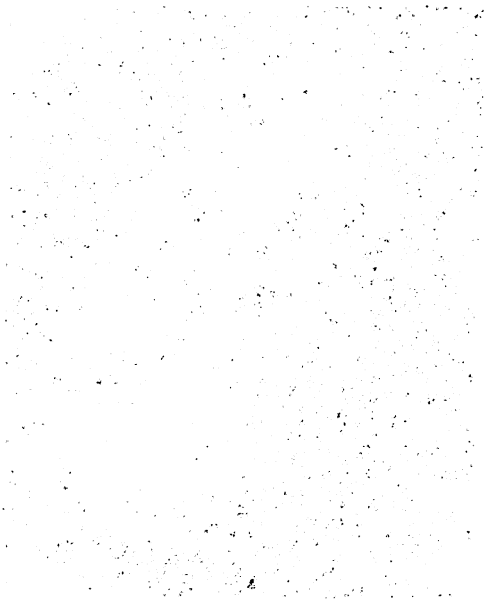

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"As well," said Susannah, tripping by, as can be expected.

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crossing the landing in order to set his back against the wall, whilst he propounded it to my uncle *Toby*——of all the puzzling riddles, said he, in a marriage state, ——of which you may trust me, brother *Toby*, there are more asses loads than all *Job's* stock of asses could have carried——there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themselves more airs upon that single inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think rather, replied my uncle *Toby*, that 'tis we who sink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child—I do it.—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby* —'Tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, shaking his head—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—said my father, shaking his head too——but certainly since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

God bless } 'em all———said my uncle *Toby* and
Deuce take } my father, each to himself.

Chapter xiii.

HOLLA!——you, chairman!——here's sixpence ——do step into that bookseller's shop, and call me a *day-tall* critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle *Toby* off the stairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for except a short nap, which they both got whilst *Trim* was boring the jack-boots—

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and which, by-the-bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge—they have not else shut their eyes, since nine hours before the time that Dr *Slop* was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by *Obadiah*.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—and to take up—Truce.

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself—and I believe, will never hold good to any other, until its final destruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume *—and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to write just now, than when I first set out; so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—And why not?——and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description—And for what reason should they be cut short? as at this rate I should just live 364 times faster than I should write—It must follow, an' please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write—and consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships' eyes?

* According to the original Editions.

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It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my Opinions will be the death of me, I perceive I shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same life of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as *Horace* advises—I shall never overtake myself whipp'd and driven to the last pinch; at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes——and two volumes will be enough for one year.—

Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us——as I trust its providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.——

As for the propagation of Geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all bountiful—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle *Toby* off the stairs, and seen them to bed?——And how did you manage it?——You dropp'd a curtain at the stair-foot—I thought you had no other way for it——Here's a crown for your trouble.

Chapter xiv.

—THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to *Susannah*.——There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried *Susannah*—the child is as black in the face as my——As your what? said my father, for like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons.—Bless me, Sir, said *Susannah*, the child's in a fit.—And where's Mr

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Yorick?—Never where he should be, said *Susannah*, but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as captain *Shandy* is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother *Toby* as not—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as *Trismegistus* upon him——but he may recover.

No, no,——said my father to *Susannah*, I'll get up ——There is no time, cried *Susannah*, the child's as black as my shoe. *Trismegistus*, said my father ——But stay—thou art a leaky vessel, *Susannah*, added my father; canst thou carry *Trismegistus* in thy head, the length of the gallery without scattering? ——Can I? cried *Susannah*, shutting the door in a huff.——If she can, I'll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Susannah got the start, and kept it—'Tis *Tris*—something, cried *Susannah*—There is no christian-name in the world, said the curate, beginning with *Tris*—but *Tristram*. Then 'tis *Tristram-gistus*, quoth *Susannah*.

——There is no *gistus* to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he spoke, into the bason—*Tristram!* said he, &c. &c. &c. &c., so *Tristram* was I called, and *Tristram* shall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed *Susannah*, with his night-gown

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across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, fastened through haste with but a single button, and that button through haste thrust only half into the button-hole.

——She has not forgot the name? cried my father, half opening the door.——No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.——And the child is better, cried *Susannah*.——And how does your mistress? As well, said *Susannah*, as can be expected.—Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at *Susannah*, or the button-hole—whether Pish was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chamber-maids*, my chapter of *pishes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried Pish! he whisk'd himself about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown across the arm of the other, he turned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

Chapter xv.

I WISH I could write a chapter upon sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one, for the other has been shut these twenty years, of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject!

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And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes! there is something lively in the very idea of 'em——and trust me, when I get amongst 'em ——You gentry with great beards——look as grave as you will————I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I shall have 'em all to myself—'tis a maiden subject—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep——I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine sayings in the first place—and in the next, I cannot for my soul set a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world —'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the prisoner—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary, and the broken-hearted; nor could I set out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us——that this is the chiefest (I know pleasures worth ten of it); or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that whichever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her—no desire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet secession.

"God's blessing," said *Sancho Pança*, "be upon the man who first invented this self-same thing called sleep —it covers a man all over like a cloak." Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the dissertations squeez'd

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out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what *Montaigne* advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way—(I quote by memory).

The world enjoys other pleasures, says he, as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by.—We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.—For this end I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it.——And yet I see few, says he again, who live with less sleep, when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation—I evade of late all violent exercises——I am never weary with walking——but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even without my wife——This last word may stagger the faith of the world——but remember, "La Vraisemblance (as *Bayle* says in the affair of *Liceti*) n'est pas toujours du Côté de la Verité." And so much for sleep.

Chapter xvi.

IF my wife will but venture him—brother *Toby*, *Trismegistus* shall be dress'd and brought down to us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.———

——Go, tell *Susannah*, *Obadiah*, to step here.

She is run up stairs, answered *Obadiah*, this very instant, sobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

We shall have a rare month of it, said my father,

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turning his head from *Obadiah*, and looking wistfully in my uncle *Toby's* face for some time—we shall have a devilish month of it, brother *Toby*, said my father, setting his arms a-kimbo, and shaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother *Toby!*—'Tis some misfortune, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——That it is, cried my father—to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother *Toby*, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmoved——whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads.———

And what's the matter, *Susannah?* They have called the child *Tristram*——and my mistress is just got out of an hysterick fit about it——No!——'tis not my fault, said *Susannah*—I told him it was *Tristram-gistus*.

——Make tea for yourself, brother *Toby*, said my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation—and took down his hat with the genteelest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

——Go to the bowling-green for corporal *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, speaking to *Obadiah*, as soon as my father left the room.

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Chapter xvij.

WHEN the misfortune of my Nose fell so heavily upon my father's head;—the reader remembers that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my Name;——no.

The different weight, dear Sir——nay even the different package of two vexations of the same weight ——makes a very wide difference in our manner of bearing and getting through with them.——It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell——but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in *Nature* would have given such immediate ease: She, dear Goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all *provoking cases*, determines us to a sally of this or that member—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why—— But mark, madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries——the most obvious things, which come in our way, have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of nature's works: so that this, like a thousand other things, falls

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out for us in a way, which tho' we cannot reason upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it please your reverences and your worships——and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life——nor could he carry it up stairs like the other—he walked composedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way to have gone——— reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is something, Sir, in fish-ponds——but what it is, I leave to system-builders and fish-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a sober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither *Pythagoras*, nor *Plato*, nor *Solon*, nor *Lycurgus*, nor *Mahomet*, nor any one of your noted lawgivers, ever gave order about them.

Chapter xviii.

YOUR honour, said *Trim*, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident———O yes, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and it gives me great concern.—I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied *Trim*, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me.——To thee —*Trim?*—cried my uncle *Toby*, looking kindly in his face———'twas *Susannah's* and the curate's folly betwixt them.———What business could they have together, an' please your honour, in the garden?—— In the gallery thou meanest, replied my uncle *Toby*.

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Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow——Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time;——the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter.——*Trim's* casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle *Toby*, so he went on with what he had to say to *Trim* as follows:

———For my own part, *Trim*, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called *Tristram* or *Trismegistus*—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, *Trim*———I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.——A hundred pounds, an' please your honour! replied *Trim*,——I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.——Nor would I, *Trim*, upon my own account, quoth my uncle *Toby*———but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case—maintains that a great deal more depends, *Trim*, upon christian-names, than what ignorant people imagine ——for he says there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called *Tristram*—nay, he will have it, *Trim*, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave.——'Tis all fancy, an' please your honour—I fought just as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me *Trim*, as when they called me *James Butler*.——And for my own part, said my uncle *Toby*, though I should blush to boast of myself, *Trim*——yet had my name been *Alexander*, I could have done no more at *Namur* than my duty.—Bless your honour! cried *Trim*, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian-name when he goes upon the attack? ———Or when he stands in the trench, *Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby*, looking firm.——Or when he enters

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a breach? said *Trim*, pushing in between two chairs.——Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike.——Or facing a platoon? cried *Trim*, presenting his stick like a fire-lock.——Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle *Toby*, looking warm and setting his foot upon his stool.———

Chapter xix.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond——and opened the parlour-door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle *Toby* was marching up the glacis——*Trim* recovered his arms——never was my uncle *Toby* caught in riding at such a desperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle *Toby!* had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadst thou then and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too been insulted!

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down; and after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over-against my uncle *Toby*, he sat down in it, and as soon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to *Ernulphus's* curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece——as to my uncle *Toby* who sat under it——it is in vain longer, said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle as I have done against this most

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uncomfortable of human persuasions——I see it plainly, that either for my own sins, brother *Toby*, or the sins and follies of the *Shandy* family, Heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play.——— Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*—if it was so—Unhappy *Tristram!* child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou camest into the world——what evils in thy passage into it!———what evils since! ——produced into being, in the decline of thy father's days——when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble——when radical heat and radical moisture, the elements which should have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations—'tis pitiful——— brother *Toby*, at the best, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both sides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother *Toby*——'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now——when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which memory, fancy, and quick parts should have been convey'd———were all dispersed, confused, confounded, scattered, and sent to the devil.———

Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him;———and tried an experiment at least———whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother *Toby*, to her evacuations and repletions———and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in a course of nine months

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gestation, have set all things to rights.———My child was bereft of these!———What a teazing life did she lead herself, and consequently her fœtus too, with that nonsensical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town? I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience, replied my uncle *Toby*———I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.———She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child—and then! what battles did she fight with me, and what perpetual storms about the midwife.———There she gave vent, said my uncle *Toby*.———Vent! cried my father, looking up.

But what was all this, my dear *Toby*, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, unrifled.———

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topside-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex—that at this hour 'tis ninety *per Cent.* insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters.

——Still we could have done.——Fool, coxcomb, puppy——give him but a Nose——Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Goosecap———(shape him as you will) the door of fortune stands open—*O Licetus! Licetus!* had I been blest with a fœtus five inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worst.

Still, brother *Toby*, there was one cast of the dye left for our child after all—*O Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!*

We will send for Mr *Yorick*, said my uncle *Toby*.

——You may send for whom you will, replied my father.

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Chapter xx.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down for four volumes* together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one——quoth I to myself when I mounted———I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.——So off I set——up one lane ———down another, through this turnpike——over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may——'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself——— He's flung—he's off—he's lost his hat—he's down ———he'll break his neck——see!——if he has not galloped full among the scaffolding of the undertaking criticks!——he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts—he's bounced out!—look—he's now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, said I—I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's highway.—But your horse throws dirt; see you've splash'd a bishop——I hope in God, 'twas only *Ernulphus*, said I.———But you have squirted full in the faces of Mess. *Le Moyne*, *De Romigny*, and *De Marcilly*, doctors of the *Sorbonne*.———That was last year, replied I.—But you have trod this moment

* According to the original Editions.

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upon a king.——Kings have bad times on't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.

You have done it, replied my accuser.

I deny it, quoth I, and so have got off, and here am I standing with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story.———And what is it? You shall hear in the next chapter.

Chapter xxi.

AS *Francis* the first of *France* was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the state *—It would not be amiss, said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and *Switzerland* was a little strengthened.—There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, in giving money to these people—they would swallow up the treasury of *France*.—Poo! poo! answered the king—there are more ways, Mons. *le Premier*, of bribing states, besides that of giving money—I'll pay *Switzerland* the honour of standing godfather for my next child.——Your majesty, said the minister, in so doing, would have all the grammarians in *Europe* upon your back;——*Switzerland*, as a republick, being a female, can in no construction be godfather.—She may be godmother, replied *Francis* hastily—so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am astonished, said *Francis* the First, (that day fortnight) speaking to his minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from *Switzerland*.

* Vide Menagiana, Vol. I.

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——Sire, I wait upon you this moment, said Mons. *le Premier*, to lay before you my dispatches upon that business.—They take it kindly, said the king.—They do, Sire, replied the minister, and have the highest sense of the honour your majesty has done them—— but the republick, as godmother, claims her right, in this case, of naming the child.

In all reason, quoth the king——she will christen him *Francis*, or *Henry*, or *Lewis*, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us. Your majesty is deceived, replied the minister——I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republick on that point also.—— And what name has the republick fixed upon for the Dauphin?——*Shadrach*, *Meshech*, *Abed-nego*, replied the minister.—By Saint *Peter's* girdle, I will have nothing to do with the *Swiss*, cried *Francis* the First, pulling up his breeches and walking hastily across the floor.

Your majesty, replied the minister calmly, cannot bring yourself off.

We'll pay them in money————said the king.

Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury, answered the minister.——I'll pawn the best jewel in my crown, quoth *Francis* the First.

Your honour stands pawn'd already in this matter, answered Monsieur *le Premier*.

Then, Mons. *le Premier*, said the king, by ——— we'll go to war with 'em.

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Chapter xxij.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of such a slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I ashamed now to intreat thy lenity seriously ———in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that in the story of my father and his christian-names—I have no thoughts of treading upon *Francis* the First ——nor in the affair of the nose—upon *Francis* the Ninth—nor in the character of my uncle *Toby*——of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country—the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every comparison of that kind—nor by *Trim*—that I meant the duke of *Ormond*——or that my book is wrote against predestination, or free-will, or taxes—If 'tis wrote against any thing,——'tis wrote, an' please your worships, against the spleen! in order, by a more frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussations of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in laughter, to drive the *gall* and other *bitter juices* from the gall-bladder, liver, and sweet-bread of his majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

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Chapter xviij.

—BUT can the thing be undone, *Yorick?* said my father—for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canonist, replied *Yorick* —but of all evils, holding suspense to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the worst of this matter. I hate these great dinners——said my father—The size of the dinner is not the point, answered *Yorick* ——we want, Mr *Shandy*, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of so many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registers, and of the most eminent of our school-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and *Didius* has so pressingly invited you—who in your distress would miss such an occasion? All that is requisite, continued *Yorick*, is to apprize *Didius*, and let him manage a conversation after dinner so as to introduce the subject.—Then my brother *Toby*, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, shall go with us.

——Let my old tye-wig, quoth my uncle *Toby*, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, *Trim.*

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Chapter xxv.

—NO doubt, Sir,—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it—but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect (at least upon that score)——but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner.—I question first, by-the-bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters ———but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters———we have had enough of it——So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this——was the description of my father's, my uncle *Toby's*, *Trim's*, and *Obadiah's* setting out and journeying to the visitation at * * * *.

We'll go in the coach, said my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, *Obadiah?*—It would have made my story much better to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the *Shandy's*, when the coach was re-painted upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left-hand, like *Turpilius* the *Roman*, or *Hans Holbein* of *Basil*——or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand——or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn which every thing relating to our family was apt to take——it so fell out, however, to

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our reproach, that instead of the *bend-dexter*, which since *Harry* the Eighth's reign was honestly our due ———a *bend-sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the *Shandy* arms. 'Tis scarce credible that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word coach—let it be whose it would—or coach-man, or coach-horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out —but like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the *Destinies* had set down in their books ever to be grumbled at (and in wiser families than ours) ——but never to be mended.

—Has the *bend-sinister* been brush'd out, I say? said my father.——There has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered *Obadiah*, but the lining. We'll go o'horseback, said my father, turning to *Yorick*.——Of all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said *Yorick*.—No matter for that, cried my father——I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.—Never mind the *bend-sinister*, said my uncle *Toby*, putting on his tye-wig.——No, indeed, said my father —you may go with my aunt *Dinah* to a visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit—My poor uncle *Toby* blush'd. My father was vexed at himself. ———No——my dear brother *Toby*, said my father, changing his tone——but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the sciatica again, as it did *December*, *January*, and *February* last winter—so

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if you please you shall ride my wife's pad——and as you are to preach, *Yorick*, you had better make the best of your way before——and leave me to take care of my brother *Toby*, and to follow at our own rates.

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade, in which Corporal *Trim* and *Obadiah*, upon two coach-horses a-breast, led the way as slow as a patrole——whilst my uncle *Toby*, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

—But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the stile and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene; and destroying at the same time that necessary equipoise and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a song—be but in tune with yourself, madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.

—This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well——(as *Yorick* told my uncle *Toby* one night) by siege.——My uncle *Toby* looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, said *Homenas* ——run over my notes——so I humm'd over doctor *Homenas's* notes—the modulation's very well——'twill do, *Homenas*, if it holds on at this rate——so on I humm'd——and a tolerable tune I thought it was;

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and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was, but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly,—it carried my soul up with it into the other world; now had I (as *Montaigne* complained in a parallel accident) —had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible———certes I had been outwitted.———Your notes, *Homenas*, I should have said, are good notes; ——but it was so perpendicular a precipice———so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I humm'd I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

☞ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

Chapter xxvi.

——SEE if he is not cutting it into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!——'Tis abominable, answered *Didius*; it should not go unnoticed, said doctor *Kysarcius*———☞ he was of the *Kysarcii* of the Low Countries.

Methinks, said *Didius*, half rising from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which stood in a direct line betwixt him and *Yorick*——you might have spared this sarcastic stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr *Yorick*—or at least upon a more proper occasion to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about: If the sermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with——'twas certainly,

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Sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before so learned a body——'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

——I have got him fast hung up, quoth *Didius* to himself, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—— let him get off as he can.

I have undergone such unspeakable torments, in bringing forth this sermon, quoth *Yorick*, upon this occasion————that I declare, *Didius*, I would suffer martyrdom—and if it was possible my horse with me, a thousand times over, before I would sit down and make such another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me——it came from my head instead of my heart————and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it, in this manner—To preach, to shew the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit—to parade in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinsel'd over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth——is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week which is put into our hands—'Tis not preaching the gospel— but ourselves——For my own part, continued *Yorick*, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.—

As *Yorick* pronounced the word *point-blank*, my uncle *Toby* rose up to say something upon projectiles—— when a single word and no more uttered from the opposite side of the table drew every one's ears towards it—a word of all others in the dictionary the last in that place to be expected—a word I am ashamed to write—yet must be written——must be read—illegal —uncanonical—guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was————In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

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Chapter xxvij.

ZOUNDS! ——————————————————————————————————————Z———ds! cried *Phutatorius*, partly to himself——and yet high enough to be heard—and what seemed odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could distinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in musick—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itself—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the subject started;——so that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of musical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the *word*, imagined that *Phutatorius*, who was somewhat of a cholerick spirit, was just going to snatch the cudgels out of *Didius's* hands, in order to bemaul *Yorick* to some purpose—and that the desperate monosyllable Z——ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; so that my uncle *Toby's* good-nature felt a pang for what *Yorick* was about to undergo. But seeing *Phutatorius* stop short, without any attempt or desire to go on—a third party began to suppose, that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oath—without the sin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who sat next him, looked upon it on the contrary as a real and substantial oath, propensly formed against *Yorick*, to whom

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he was known to bear no good liking—which said oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of *Phutatorius's* purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood which was driven into the right ventricle of *Phutatorius's* heart, by the stroke of surprize which so strange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a soul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monosyllable which *Phutatorius* uttered——who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that *Phutatorius's* mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between *Didius* and *Yorick*; and indeed as he looked first towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man listening to what was going forwards—who would not have thought the same? But the truth was, that *Phutatorius* knew not one word or one syllable of what was passing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own *Galligaskins*, and in a part of them, where of all others he stood most interested to watch accidents: So that notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually skrewed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to *Yorick*, who sat over-against him——yet, I say, was *Yorick* never once in any one domicile of *Phutatorius's* brain——but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

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You must be informed then, that *Gastripheres*, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on—observing a wicker-basket of fine chesnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in, as soon as dinner was over——*Gastripheres* inforcing his orders about them, that *Didius*, but *Phutatorius* especially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle *Toby* interrupted *Yorick's* harangue—*Gastripheres's* chesnuts were brought in—and as *Phutatorius's* fondness for 'em was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before *Phutatorius*, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at a time—but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion—it so fell out, however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table; and as *Phutatorius* sat straddling under——it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of *Phutatorius's* breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all *Johnson's* dictionary——let it suffice to say——it was that particular aperture which, in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of *Janus* (in peace at least) to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in *Phutatorius* (which by-the-bye should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.——

Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking———but in no opposition to the opinion either of *Acrites* or *Mythogeras* in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it —and are so to this hour, That there was nothing of

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accident in the whole event——but that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of its own accord—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other——was a real judgment upon *Phutatorius*, for that filthy and obscene treatise *de Concubinis retinendis*, which *Phutatorius* had published about twenty years ago——and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy——much undoubtedly may be wrote on both sides of the question—all that concerns me as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in *Phutatorius's* breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut;——and that the chesnut, somehow or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without *Phutatorius's* perceiving it, or any one else at that time.

The genial warmth which the chesnut imparted, was not undelectable for the first twenty or five-and-twenty seconds——and did no more than gently solicit *Phutatorius's* attention towards the part:——But the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain, the soul of *Phutatorius*, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place of danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, *Phutatorius* was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it: However, as he knew not

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what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present, to bear it, if possible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of some wry faces and compursions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter;——but the sallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat—it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a *Newt* or an *Asker*, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth—— the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized *Phutatorius* with a sudden panick, and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard:——the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering as he rose that interjection of surprise so much descanted upon, with the aposiopestic break after it, marked thus, Z————ds—which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion;————and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, *Phutatorius* could no more help than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the transaction, than just to allow time for *Phutatorius* to draw forth the chesnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor —and for *Yorick* to rise from his chair, and pick the chesnut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind:——What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things——that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it——

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that *Euclid's* demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I said, picked up the chesnut which *Phutatorius's* wrath had flung down——the action was trifling ——I am ashamed to account for it—he did it, for no reason, but that he thought the chesnut not a jot worse for the adventure—and that he held a good chesnut worth stooping for.———But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in *Phutatorius's* head: He considered this act of *Yorick's* in getting off his chair and picking up the chesnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the chesnut was originally his—and in course, that it must have been the owner of the chesnut, and no one else, who could have played him such a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that the table being parallelogramical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for *Yorick*, who sat directly over against *Phutatorius*, of slipping the chesnut in——and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which *Phutatorius* cast full upon *Yorick* as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion——and as *Phutatorius* was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person besides, his opinion at once became the general one;——and for a reason very different from any which have been yet given——in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world——the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes to see what is the cause and first spring of them.—The search was not long in this instance.

It was well known that *Yorick* had never a good opinion of the treatise which *Phutatorius* had wrote *de*

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Concubinis retinendis, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world——and 'twas easily found out, that there was a mystical meaning in *Yorick's* prank—and that his chucking the chesnut hot into *Phutatorius's* ***—— *****, was a sarcastical fling at his book—the doctrines of which, they said, had enflamed many an honest man in the same place.

This conceit awaken'd *Somnolentus*——made *Agelastes* smile——and if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle———it threw *Gastripheres's* into that form—and in short was thought by many to be a master-stroke of arch-wit.

This, as the reader has seen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy: *Yorick*, no doubt, as *Shakespeare* said of his ancestor ———"*was a man of jest*," but it was temper'd with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for——or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse ———he could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike so injurious to him—he could not stoop to tell his story to them——and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroic cast produced him inconveniences in many respects—in the present it was followed by the

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fixed resentment of *Phutatorius*, who, as *Yorick* had just made an end of his chesnut, rose up from his chair a second time, to let him know it—which indeed he did with a smile; saying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your mind.

——The smile was for the company.

——The threat was for *Yorick*.

Chapter xxviij.

—CAN you tell me, quoth *Phutatorius*, speaking to *Gastripheres* who sat next to him——for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair——can you tell me, *Gastripheres*, what is best to take out the fire?——Ask *Eugenius*, said *Gastripheres*.——That greatly depends, said *Eugenius*, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part——If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up——It is both the one and the other, replied *Phutatorius*, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in question, and lifting up his right leg at the same time to ease and ventilate it.——If that is the case, said *Eugenius*, I would advise you, *Phutatorius*, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press——you need do nothing more than twist it round.—The damp paper, quoth *Yorick* (who sat next to his friend *Eugenius*) though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it—yet I presume is no more than the vehicle—and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is so

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strongly impregnated, does the business.—Right, said *Eugenius*, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the most anodyne and safe.

Was it my case, said *Gastripheres*, as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.———That would make a very devil of it, replied *Yorick*.——And besides, added *Eugenius*, it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatness and elegance of the prescription, which the Faculty hold to be half in half; ——for consider, if the type is a very small one (which it should be) the sanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin, and with such a mathematical equality (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the spatula can come up to.——— It falls out very luckily, replied *Phutatorius*, that the second edition of my treatise *de Concubinis retinendis* is at this instant in the press.———You may take any leaf of it, said *Eugenius*——— no matter which. ——Provided, quoth *Yorick*, there is no bawdry in it.———

They are just now, replied *Phutatorius*, printing off the ninth chapter——which is the last chapter but one in the book.——Pray what is the title of that chapter? said *Yorick*; making a respectful bow to *Phutatorius* as he spoke.———I think, answered *Phutatorius*, 'tis that *de re concubinariâ*.

For Heaven's sake keep out of that chapter, quoth *Yorick*.

——By all means—added *Eugenius*.

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Chapter xxix.

—NOW, quoth *Didius*, rising up, and laying his right hand with his fingers spread upon his breast——had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the Reformation———[It happened the day before yesterday, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself] and when baptism was administer'd in *Latin*—['Twas all in *English*, said my uncle]——— many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name—Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the *Latin* tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, *in nomine patriæ & filia & spiritum sanctos*—the baptism was held null.——I beg your pardon, replied *Kysarcius* ——in that case, as the mistake was only the *terminations*, the baptism was valid——and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun———and not, as in your case, upon the last.

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listen'd with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued *Kysarcius*, baptizes a child of *John Stradling's* in *Gomine* gatris, &c. &c., instead of *in Nomine* patris, &c.——Is this a baptism? No—say the ablest canonists; in as much as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *Gomine* does not signify a name, nor *gatris* a father.—What do they signify? said my uncle *Toby*.—Nothing at all———quoth *Yorick*.—— Ergo, such a baptism is null, said *Kysarcius*.——

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In course, answered *Yorick*, in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest.——

But in the case cited, continued *Kysarcius*, where *patriæ* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *filii*, and so on——as it is a fault only in the declension, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflections of their branches either this way or that, does not in any sort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before.——But then, said *Didius*, the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically must have been proved to have gone along with it.——————Right, answered *Kysarcius*; and of this, brother *Didius*, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope *Leo* the IIId.——But my brother's child, cried my uncle *Toby*, has nothing to do with the Pope————'tis the plain child of a Protestant gentleman, christen'd *Tristram* against the wills and wishes both of his father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.——

If the wills and wishes, said *Kysarcius*, interrupting my uncle *Toby*, of those only who stand related to Mr *Shandy's* child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs *Shandy*, of all people, has the least to do in it. ——My uncle *Toby* lay'd down his pipe, and my father drew his chair still closer to the table, to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

——It has not only been a question, Captain *Shandy*, amongst the * best lawyers and civilians in this land, continued *Kysarcius*, "*Whether the mother be of kin to her child*,"—but, after much dispassionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides—it has been adjudged for the negative—namely, "*That the mother is not of kin to her child*."† My father instantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle *Toby's* mouth, under colour of

* Vide Swinburn on Testaments, Part 7, § 8.
† Vide Brook, Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.

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whispering in his ear;—the truth was, he was alarmed for *Lillabullero*—and having a great desire to hear more of so curious an argument—he begg'd my uncle *Toby*, for Heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it.—My uncle *Toby* gave a nod—resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling *Lillabullero* inwardly—— *Kysarcius*, *Didius*, and *Triptolemus* went on with the discourse as follows.

This determination, continued *Kysarcius*, how contrary soever it may seem to run to the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on its side; and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of *Suffolk's* case.———It is cited in *Brook*, said *Triptolemus*———And taken notice of by Lord *Coke*, added *Didius*.—And you may find it in *Swinburn* on Testaments, said *Kysarcius*.

The case, Mr *Shandy*, was this.

In the reign of *Edward* the Sixth, *Charles* duke of *Suffolk* having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after whose death the son died also——but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of *Harry* the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in case any person die intestate the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother, the sister by the father's side commenced a suit before the Ecclesiastical Judge, alledging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore prayed the court, that the

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administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon its issue—and many causes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made——the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were consulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her son, or no.—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers——but the church lawyers—the juris-consulti —the juris-prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commissaries—the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of *Canterbury* and *York*, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, That the mother was not of * kin to her child.——

And what said the duchess of *Suffolk* to it? said my uncle *Toby*.

The unexpectedness of my uncle *Toby's* question, confounded *Kysarcius* more than the ablest advocate—— He stopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle *Toby's* face without replying——and in that single minute *Triptolemus* put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, said *Triptolemus*, that things do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and seed of its parents——that the parents, nevertheless, are not of the blood and seed of it; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents—For so they write, *Liberi sunt de sanguine patris & matris, sed pater & mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum.*

——But this, *Triptolemus*, cried *Didius*, proves too much—for from this authority cited it would follow,

* Mater non numeratur inter consanguineos, Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. signific.

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not only what indeed is granted on all sides, that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewise. ——It is held, said *Triptolemus*, the better opinion; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet are they but (*una caro* *) one flesh; and consequently no degree of kindred—— or any method of acquiring one *in nature*.——There you push the argument again too far, cried *Didius*—— for there is no prohibition *in nature*, though there is in the Levitical law——but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother——in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both of ——But who ever thought, cried *Kysarcius*, of lying with his grandmother?——The young gentleman, replied *Yorick*, whom *Selden* speaks of——who not only thought of it, but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation. —"You lay, Sir, with my mother," said the lad— "why may not I lie with yours?"——'Tis the *Argumentum commune*, added *Yorick*.——'Tis as good, replied *Eugenius*, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

The company broke up.

Chapter xxx.

— AND pray, said my uncle *Toby*, leaning upon *Yorick*, as he and my father were helping him leisurely down the stairs——don't be terrified, madam, this stair-case conversation is not so long as the last——And pray, *Yorick*, said my uncle *Toby*, which way is this said affair of *Tristram* at length settled by these learned men? Very satisfactorily, replied *Yorick*; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with

* Vide Brook, Abridg. tit. Administr. N. 47.

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it——for Mrs *Shandy* the mother is nothing at all a-kin to him——and as the mother's is the surest side——Mr *Shandy*, in course, is still less than nothing ———In short, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am.——

———That may well be, said my father, shaking his head.

——Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the duchess of *Suffolk* and her son.

The vulgar are of the same opinion, quoth *Yorick*, to this hour.

Chapter xxvi.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the subtleties of these learned discourses——— 'twas still but like the anointing of a broken bone———The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but so much the heavier, as is ever the case when the staff we lean on slips from under us.—He became pensive—walked frequently forth to the fish-pond—let down one loop of his hat ——sigh'd often——forbore to snap—and, as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as *Hippocrates* tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health rescued by a fresh train of disquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thousand pounds, by my aunt *Dinah*.

My father had scarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he instantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the

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honour of his family.—A hundred-and-fifty odd projects took possession of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and t'other—He would go to *Rome* ——he would go to law——he would buy stock—— he would buy *John Hobson's* farm—he would new fore-front his house, and add a new wing to make it even ——There was a fine water-mill on this side, and he would build a wind-mill on the other side of the river in full view to answer it—But above all things in the world, he would inclose the great *Ox-moor*, and send out my brother *Bobby* immediately upon his travels.

But as the sum was *finite*, and consequently could not do every thing——and in truth very few of these to any purpose—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether so easy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before set his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education, and like a prudent man had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the first money that returned from the second creation of actions in the *Missisippi*-scheme, in which he was an adventurer——yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the *Shandy*-estate, had almost as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately set his heart upon turning it likewise to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with such a conjuncture of things, as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims——like a wise man he had refrained entering into any nice or

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critical examination about them: so that upon the dismission of every other project at this crisis——the two old projects, the OX-MOOR and my BROTHER, divided him again; and so equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no small contest in the old gentleman's mind—which of the two should be set o'going first.

——People may laugh as they will—but the case was this.

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time was almost become a matter of common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress into foreign parts before marriage—not only for the sake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of so much air—but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad—*tantum valet*, my father would say, *quantum sonat*.

Now as this was a reasonable, and in course a most christian indulgence——to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore——and thereby make an example of him, as the first *Shandy* unwhirl'd about *Europe* in a post-chaise, and only because he was a heavy lad——would be using him ten times worse than a *Turk*.

On the other hand, the case of the *Ox-moor* was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchase-money, which was eight hundred pounds——it had cost the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-suit about fifteen years before—besides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in possession of the *Shandy*-family ever since the middle of the last century; and though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above—and for all

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these reasons seemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate to the care and protection of the family—yet by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on——it had all along most shamefully been overlook'd; and to speak the truth of it, had suffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (*Obadiah* said) who understood the value of the land, to have rode over it, and only seen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this tract of ground——nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing——he had never thought himself any way concerned in the affair———till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that cursed law-suit mentioned above (and which had arose about its boundaries)———which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour, and upon summing them all up together, he saw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it——and that now or never was the time.

I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reasons on both sides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions———spent many an anxious hour in the most profound and abstracted meditation upon what was best to be done—reading books of farming one day———books of travels another——laying aside all passion whatever—viewing the arguments on both sides in all their lights and circumstances—communing every day with my uncle *Toby*—arguing with *Yorick*, and talking over the whole affair of the *Ox-moor* with *Obadiah* ———yet nothing in all that time appeared so strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly

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applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some consideration of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For to be sure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, tho' the *Ox-moor* would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay ——yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my brother *Bobby*——let *Obadiah* say what he would.———

In point of interest——the contest, I own, at first sight, did not appear so undecisive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and set about calculating the simple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the *Ox-moor*, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return——the latter turned out so prodigiously in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the *Ox-moor* would have carried all before it. For it was plain he should reap a hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last, the very first year——besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following——and the year after that, to speak within bounds, a hundred——but in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty———if not two hundred quarters of pease and beans——besides potatoes without end.——But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother, like a hog to eat them——knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspence——that, as he often declared to my uncle *Toby*——he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time: for to say nothing of the havock, which by a certain consequence

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is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which you know convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on——it is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly sunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME——had he not been rescued out of it, as he was out of that, by a fresh evil————the misfortune of my brother *Bobby's* death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to shift from side to side?————from sorrow to sorrow?————to button up one cause of vexation————and unbutton another?

Chapter xxvij.

FROM this moment I am to be considered as heir-apparent to the *Shandy* family——and it is from this point properly, that the story of my LIFE and my OPINIONS sets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raise the building——and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed since *Adam*. In less than five minutes I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it—I have but half a score things to do in the time——I have a thing to name——a thing to lament——a thing to hope——a thing to promise, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to suppose—

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a thing to declare——a thing to conceal——a thing to choose, and a thing to pray for———This chapter, therefore, I *name* the chapter of THINGS———and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some sort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards, with so much earnest desire; and that is the Campaigns, but especially the amours of my uncle *Toby*, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervantick a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain, which the occurrences themselves excite in my own—I will answer for it the book shall make its way in the world, much better than its master has done before it.——Oh *Tristram! Tristram!* can this but be once brought about——the credit, which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man——thou wilt feast upon the one——when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!——

No wonder I itch so much as I do, to get at these amours—They are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em——assure yourselves, good folks—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it) I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!——and that's the thing I have to *declare*.———I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear——and the thing I *hope* is, that your worships and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year to be offended at——that's my dear *Jenny's* way—but who my *Jenny* is—and which is the

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right and which the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed*—it shall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of Button-holes——and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these * four volumes——the thing I have to *ask* is, how you feel your heads? my own akes dismally!———as for your healths, I know, they are much better.—True *Shandeism*, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs, and like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through its channels, makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like *Sancho Panca*, to choose my kingdom, it should not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of;—no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects: And as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating disorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politick as body natural——and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those passions, and subject them to reason———I should add to my prayer —that God would give my subjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then should I be the happiest monarch, and they the happiest people under heaven.

And so, with this moral for the present, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month, when, (unless this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.

* According to the original Editions.

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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Dixero si quid fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.——— HOR.

—Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christianum—non Ego, sed Democritus dixit.— ERASMUS.

Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba joculatoria, risum moventia, sciebat, anathema esto.—
SECOND COUNCIL OF CARTHAGE.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN,

LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER.

My Lord,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you these two Volumes; * they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady Spencer, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of *Le Fever*

* Volumes V. and VI. in the first Edition.

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to her name; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most devoted

and most humble Servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

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BOOK V.

Chapter i.

IF it had not been for those two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postillion who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning——there was a slope of three miles and a half——we scarce touched the ground——the motion was most rapid——most impetuous——'twas communicated to my brain——my heart partook of it——"By the great God of day," said I, looking towards the sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, "I will lock up my study-door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house."

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, drag'd—drag'd up by eight *heavy beasts*—"by main strength!——quoth I, nodding——but your betters draw the same way——and something of everybody's!——O rare!"

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the *bulk*—so little to the *stock?*

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries

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make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be shewing the *relicks of learning*, as monks do the relicks of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?

Who made Man, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster in his book περι φυσεως called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine presence, as Chrysostom——the *image* of God, as Moses——the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful—pimping——pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion——but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farcical house, large enough to hold—aye—and sublimate them, *shag rag and bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *Whiskers*——but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mort-main* to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it——'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head——A chapter upon whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world——but I knew not of what mettle

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it was made—nor had I ever seen the under-written fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still (let the world say what it will to the contrary); so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

———You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word *Whiskers*——shall we change the subject? By no means, replied the old lady—I like your account of those matters; so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself——I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows:——— Whiskers! cried the queen of *Navarre*, dropping her knotting ball, as *La Fosseuse* uttered the word—— Whiskers, madam, said *La Fosseuse*, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice: and every letter of the word *Whiskers* fell distinctly upon the queen of *Navarre's* ear—Whiskers! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears——Whiskers! replied *La Fosseuse*, repeating the word a third time——There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in *Navarre*, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the

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queen, that has so gallant a pair——Of what? cried *Margaret*, smiling—Of whiskers, said *La Fosseuse*, with infinite modesty.

The word *Whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of *Navarre*, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which *La Fosseuse* had made of it: the truth was, *La Fosseuse* had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery—And as the court of *Margaret*, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion ——and whiskers being as applicable to the one, as the other, the word naturally stood its ground—— it gain'd full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it——the laity were against it——and for the women,——*they* were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur *De Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted. The lady *De Baussiere* fell deeply in love with him,——*La Battarelle* did the same—it was the finest weather for it, that ever was remembered in *Navarre*——*La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the Sieur *De Croix* also——*La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* knew better——*De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to *La Rebours*; and *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* were inseparable.

The queen of *Navarre* was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as *De Croix* passed through it—He is handsome, said the Lady *Baussiere*.——He has a good mien, said *La Battarelle*——He is finely shaped, said *La*

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Guyol—I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said *La Maronette*, with two such legs——Or who stood so well upon them, said *La Sabatiere*——But he has no whiskers, cried *La Fosseuse*——Not a pile, said *La Rebours*.

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy —*Ave Maria!*——what can *La Fosseuse* mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyol, *La Battarelle*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, retired instantly to their chambers——Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady *Carnavallette* was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected, under her farthingal ——from St *Antony* down to St *Ursula* inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St *Francis*, St *Dominick*, St *Bennet*, St *Basil*, St *Bridget*, had all whiskers.

The Lady *Baussiere* had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon *La Fosseuse's* text——She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her——the host passed by—the Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

One denier, cried the order of mercy—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

——The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands——I beg for the unfortunate—good my Lady, 'tis for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire——I call God and all his angels to witness——'tis to clothe the naked

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——to feed the hungry——'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

——The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.——Cousin, aunt, sister, mother,——for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me——pity me.

——The Lady *Baussiere* rode on.

Take hold of my whiskers, said the Lady *Baussiere* ——The page took hold of her palfrey. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eye-brows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger—we see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! he, hee! cried *La Guyol* and *La Sabatiere*, looking close at each other's prints——Ho, ho! cried *La Battarelle* and *Maronette*, doing the same:—Whist! cried one—st, st,—said a second—hush, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramercy! cried the Lady *Carnavallette*;——'twas she who bewhisker'd St *Bridget*.

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into *La Rebours'* hand—*La Rebours* shook her head.

The Lady *Baussiere* coughed thrice into the inside of her muff—*La Guyol* smiled—Fy, said the Lady *Baussiere*. The queen of *Navarre* touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to say, I understand you all.

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'Twas plain to the whole court the word was ruined: *La Fosseuse* had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles ——It made a faint stand, however, for a few months, by the expiration of which, the Sieur *De Croix*, finding it high time to leave *Navarre* for want of whiskers—— the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations. ———The curate of *d'Estella* wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the *Navarois* against them.

Does not all the world know, said the curate *d'Estella* at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate some centuries ago in most parts of *Europe*, which Whiskers have now done in the kingdom of *Navarre?*—The evil indeed spread no farther then—but have not beds and bolsters, and nightcaps and chamber-pots stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles—and spigots and faucets, in danger still from the same association?——Chastity, by nature, the gentlest of all affections—give it but its head—— 'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate *d'Estella's* argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.— The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of DELICACY, and the *beginnings* of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy also.

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Chapter ij.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother *Bobby's* death, he was busy calculating the expence of his riding post from *Calais* to *Paris*, and so on to *Lyons*.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by *Obadiah's* opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, *Obadiah*, said my father (pursuing his journey) —take the coach-horse, and welcome.——But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said *Obadiah*.——Poor creature! said my uncle *Toby*, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the *Scotch* horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth *Obadiah*, for the whole world.——The devil's in that horse; then take PATRIOT, cried my father, and shut the door.—— PATRIOT is sold, said *Obadiah*. Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle *Toby's* face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last *April*, said *Obadiah*.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father——I had much rather walk than ride, said *Obadiah*, shutting the door.

What plagues, cried my father, going on with his calculation.——But the waters are out, said *Obadiah*, —opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of *Sanson's*, and a book of the post-roads before him, had

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kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon *Nevers*, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as *Obadiah* quitted the room: but this second attack of *Obadiah's*, in opening the door and laying the whole country under water, was too much.——He let go his compasses—or rather with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to *Calais* (like many others) as wise as he had set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of *Nevers*. ——By your leave, Mons. *Sanson*, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through *Nevers* into the table—and nodding to my uncle *Toby* to see what was in the letter—twice of one night, is too much for an *English* gentleman and his son, Mons. *Sanson*, to be turned back from so lousy a town as *Nevers*—What think'st thou, *Toby?* added my father in a sprightly tone.——Unless it be a garrison town, said my uncle *Toby*——for then——I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live.—So giving a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon *Nevers* with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle *Toby* hummed over the letter.

——— ——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ——— ———
——— ——— ——— ——— —he's gone! said my uncle *Toby*.——Where——Who? cried my father. ——My nephew, said my uncle *Toby*.——What—

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without leave—without money—without governor? cried my father in amazement. No:——he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Without being ill? cried my father again.—I dare say not, said my uncle *Toby*, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him——for he is dead.

When *Agrippina* was told of her son's death, *Tacitus* informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.—My father stuck his compasses into *Nevers*, but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation!—*Agrippina's* must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.—

Chapter iij.

—— ——And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either *Plato*, or *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, or *Xenophon*, or *Epictetus*, or *Theophrastus*, or *Lucian*—or some one perhaps of later date—either *Cardan*, or *Budæus*, or *Petrarch*, or *Stella*—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St *Austin*, or St *Cyprian*, or *Barnard*, who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and *Seneca* (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel—And accordingly we find, that *David* wept for his son *Absalom*—*Adrian* for his *Antinous*—*Niobe* for her children, and that *Apollodorus* and *Crito* both shed tears for *Socrates* before his death.

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My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the *Hebrews* and the *Romans*—or slept it off, as the *Laplanders*—or hanged it, as the *English*, or drowned it, as the *Germans*—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it.——

——He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When *Tully* was bereft of his dear daughter *Tullia*, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—O my *Tullia!* my daughter! my child!—still, still, still,—'twas O my *Tullia!*—my *Tullia!* Methinks I see my *Tullia*, I hear my *Tullia*, I talk with my *Tullia*.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—no body upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was indeed his strength—and his weakness too.——His strength—for he was by nature eloquent; and his weakness—for he was hourly a dupe to it; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematic misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which let it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five*—my father gained half in half, and con-

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sequently was as well again off, as if it had never befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character; and it is this, that, in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke,—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in *Obadiah*, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle *Toby* expected my father would be the death of *Obadiah*—and that there never would be an end of the disaster.——See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done!——It was not me, said *Obadiah*.——How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the *Attic* salt brought water into them—and so *Obadiah* heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For *Death* it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in *Magna*

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Charta—it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother,—*All must die.*

"If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder,—not that he is dead.

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

"—*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon." (My father found he got great ease, and went on)—"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back."—Brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions*—Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father, —by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother *Toby*—evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense—said my uncle *Toby*.——But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father—do not—dear *Toby*, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.——My uncle *Toby* put his pipe into his mouth.

"Where is *Troy* and *Mycenæ*, and *Thebes* and *Delos*, and *Persepolis* and *Agrigentum?*"—continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—"What is become, brother *Toby*, of *Nineveh* and *Babylon*, of *Cizicum* and *Mitylenæ?* The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more; the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meals to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and

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involved with every thing in a perpetual night: the world itself, brother *Toby*, must—must come to an end.

"Returning out of *Asia*, when I sailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*," (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*) "I began to view the country round about. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* was before, *Pyræus* on the right hand, *Corinth* on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence——Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man."—

Now my uncle *Toby* knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius's* consolatory letter to *Tully*.—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the *Turkey* trade, had been three or four different times in the *Levant*, in one of which he had staid a whole year and an half at *Zant*, my uncle *Toby* naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the *Archipelago* into *Asia*; and that all this sailing affair with *Ægina* behind, and *Megara* before, and *Pyræus* on the right hand, &c. &c., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his *manner*, and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.—And pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account—what year of our Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.—That's impossible, cried my uncle *Toby*.—Simpleton! said my father,—'twas forty years before Christ was born.

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My uncle *Toby* had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering *Jew*, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.—"May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him," said my uncle *Toby*, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

"There is not such great odds, brother *Toby*, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines"——(this way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle *Toby's* suspicions.)——"Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life."—Much good may it do them—said my uncle *Toby* to himself.———

"My son is dead!—so much the better;—'tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor."

"But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken."

"The *Thracians* wept when a child was born"—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle *Toby*)—"and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason.——Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it,—it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands."

"Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother *Toby*, (for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues,

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from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terrour, brother *Toby*, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man's room. —Strip it of these, what is it?—'Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle *Toby*.—Take away its herses, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanic aids—What is it? ——*Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother *Bobby*—'tis terrible no way—for consider, brother *Toby*,—when we *are* —death is *not*;—and when death *is*—we are *not*. My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to consider the proposition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man—away it went,—and hurried my uncle *Toby's* ideas along with it.——

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration, in great men, the approaches of death have made.—*Vespasian* died in a jest upon his close-stool—*Galba* with a sentence—*Septimus Severus* in a dispatch—*Tiberius* in dissimulation, and *Cæsar Augustus* in a compliment.—I hope 'twas a sincere one—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

—'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

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Chapter iv.

——And lastly—for all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued my father, —this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabric —crowns all.—

'Tis of *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor—which, I dare say, brother *Toby*, you have read,—I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.——He died, said my father, as * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * —And if it was with his wife, said my uncle *Toby*—there could be no hurt in it—That's more than I know—replied my father.

Chapter v.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle *Toby* pronounced the word *wife*. —'Tis a shrill penetrating sound of itself, and *Obadiah* had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it to imagine herself the subject of the conversation; so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:——the listening slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as *Rapin* does those of the church) to the same period.

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Chapter vi.

THOUGH in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses——that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,——and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inside of a *Dutch* silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended), it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the *Dardanelles*, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house;—my mother at this

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moment stands profiting by it.—*Obadiah* did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death, so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had *Trim* got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all *Job's* stock—though by the by, *your curious observers are seldom worth a groat*—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal *Trim* and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father—a man of deep reading—prompt memory—with *Cato*, and *Seneca*, and *Epictetus*, at his fingers ends.—

The corporal—with nothing—to remember—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll—or greater names at his fingers end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the picture on the other, going straight forwards as nature could lead him, to the heart. O *Trim!* would to heaven thou had'st a better historian!—would thy historian had a better pair of breeches!——O ye critics! will nothing melt you?

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Chapter viij.

———My young master in *London* is dead! said *Obadiah.*—

———A green sattin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which *Obadiah's* exclamation brought into *Susannah's* head.—Well might *Locke* write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—Then, quoth *Susannah*, we must all go into mourning.—But note a second time: the word *mourning*, notwithstanding *Susannah* made use of it herself—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.———The green sattin night-gown hung there still.

—O! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried *Susannah.*—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession! her red damask,—her orange tawney,—her white and yellow lutestrings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—"*No,—she will never look up again,*" said *Susannah.*

We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead, said *Obadiah*,—he is certainly dead!—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

———Here is sad news, *Trim*, cried *Susannah*, wiping her eyes as *Trim* stepp'd into the kitchen,—master *Bobby* is dead and *buried*—the funeral was an interpolation of *Susannah's*—we shall have all to go into mourning, said *Susannah.*

I hope not, said *Trim.*—You hope not! cried *Susannah* earnestly.—The mourning ran not in *Trim's*

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"I lament for him from my heart and my soul," said Trim.

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head, whatever it did in *Susannah's*.—I hope—said *Trim*, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.—I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered *Obadiah*; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.—Oh! he's dead, said *Susannah*.—As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said *Trim*, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

—He was alive last *Whitsontide!* said the coachman.—*Whitsontide!* alas! cried *Trim*, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is *Whitsontide*, *Jonathan* (for that was the coachman's name), or *Shrovetide*, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not —(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—'Twas infinitely striking! *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones. —*Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was rous'd with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,—and possibly the preservation of the whole world—or what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

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I said; "we were not stocks and stones"—'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels, I wish we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketing piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your *Barbati*, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of *Trim's* hat.—"Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the sentence—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if *Trim* had not trusted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

———"Are we not here now;" continued the corporal, "and are we not"—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—"gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.——Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore-runner, like it,—his hand seemed to vanish from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse,—and *Susannah* burst into a flood of tears.

Now—Ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.——Had he flung it, or thrown it,

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or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it,—had he dropped it like a goose—like a puppy—like an ass—or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had fail'd, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,——and then harden it again to *your purpose*——

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass, and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, lastly, who drive——and why not, Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market with a stick and a red clout—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon *Trim's* hat.

Chapter xtij.

STAY——I have a small account to settle with the reader before *Trim* can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon *chamber-maids and button-holes*, which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please

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your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids, green gowns, and old hats.*

Trim took his off the ground,—put it upon his head,—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

Chapter ix.

———To us, *Jonathan*, who know not what want or care is—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty King *William* the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*)—I own it, that from *Whitsontide* to within three weeks of *Christmas*,—'tis not long—'tis like nothing;—but to those, *Jonathan*, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—'tis like a whole age.—O *Jonathan!* 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the corporal (standing perpendicularly), how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!—And trust me, *Susy*, added the corporal, turning to *Susannah*, whose eyes were swimming in water,—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim.—*Susannah* placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she court'sied too.—Are we not, continued *Trim*, looking still at *Susannah*—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described *Susannah's* affliction—is not all flesh grass?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle.—It was not fair.———

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—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!—I could hear *Trim* talk so for ever, cried *Susannah*,—what is it! (*Susannah* laid her hand upon *Trim's* shoulder)—but corruption?——*Susannah* took it off.

Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it———all I can say of the matter is—That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

Chapter x.

WHETHER *Susannah*, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal's shoulder (by the whisking about of her passions)——broke a little the chain of his reflexions——

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious, he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself———

Or whether - - - - - - - - - - - -

Or whether——for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions——which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious any body determine——'tis certain, at least, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor *Joe Gibbins*, in scouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push

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of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! *Jack's* down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No—'tis *Dick.* Then *Jack's* no worse.—Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him,—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.—I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, *Obadiah*, at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a house, quoth *Obadiah.*——I never mind it myself, said *Jonathan*, upon a coach-box.—It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied *Susannah.* —And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there—said *Trim*—but that is nature.

——Nature is nature, said *Jonathan.*—And that is the reason, cried *Susannah*, I so much pity my mistress. —She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered *Trim.*——Madam will get ease of heart in weeping,—and the Squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant *Le Fever.*—An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I laid besides him. I cannot help it, *Trim*, my master would say,——'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself. —I hope, *Trim*, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.——Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of *Le Fever's* boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear *Trim's* stories about the captain, said

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Susannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said *Obadiah*, as ever lived.—Aye, and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.——He would not hurt a chicken.——I would sooner, quoth *Jonathan*, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, *Jonathan!* for thy twenty shillings,—as much, *Jonathan*, said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.——I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother *Tom* was dead,—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain.——*Trim* could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.——The whole kitchen was affected.—Do tell us the story of the poor lieutenant, said *Susannah.*——With all my heart, answered the corporal.

Susannah, the cook, *Jonathan*, *Obadiah*, and corporal *Trim*, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the corporal begun.

Chapter xi.

I AM a *Turk* if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaistered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river *Nile*, without one.——Your most obedient servant, Madam

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—I've cost you a great deal of trouble,—I wish it may answer;—but you have left a crack in my back,—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,—and what must I do with this foot?——I shall never reach *England* with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong,—at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him:——But I hate disputes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one——But I cannot bear suffocation,——and bad smells worst of all.——For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

Chapter xij.

——BUT to return to my mother.

My uncle *Toby's* opinion, Madam, "that there could be no harm in *Cornelius Gallus*, the *Roman* prætor's lying with his wife;"——or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:——You shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity,—she instantly concluded herself

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the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said, was accommodated either to herself, or her family concerns.

——Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live, who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of *Cornelius's* death, my father had made a transition to that of *Socrates*, and was giving my uncle *Toby* an abstract of his pleading before his judges;——'twas irresistible:——not the oration of *Socrates*,—but my father's temptation to it.——He had wrote the * Life of *Socrates* himself the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;——so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in *Socrates's* oration, which closed with a shorter word than *transmigration*, or *annihilation*,—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be*,—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance?——*That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.*——No—there I mistake; that was part of *Eleazer's* oration, as recorded by *Josephus* (*de Bell. Judaic.*)——*Eleazer* owns he had it from the philosophers of *India*; in all likelihood *Alexander* the Great, in his irruption into *India*, after he had over-run *Persia*, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died at *Babylon*), at least by some of his maroders, into *Greece*,—from *Greece*

* This book my father would never consent to publish; 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family, all, or most of which will be printed in due time.

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it got to *Rome*,—from *Rome* to *France*,—and from *France* to *England*:——So things come round.——'

By land carriage, I can conceive no other way.——

By water the sentiment might easily have come down the *Ganges* into the *Sinus Gangeticus*, or *Bay of Bengal*, and so into the *Indian Sea*; and following the course of trade (the way from *India* by the *Cape of Good Hope* being then unknown), might be carried with other drugs and spices up the *Red Sea* to *Joddah*, the port of *Mekka*, or else to *Tor* or *Sues*, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by karrawans to *Coptos*, but three days journey distant, so down the *Nile* directly to *Alexandria*, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair-case of the *Alexandrian* library,——and from that store-house it would be fetched.——Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

Chapter xiij.

——NOW my father had a way, a little like that of *Job's* (in case there ever was such a man——if not, there's an end of the matter.——

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.——to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by,—happen that as it may)——My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot,—wishing himself dead;—sometimes worse:——And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with

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more than ordinary powers—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from *Socrates* himself.——Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of *Socrates's* oration, which my father was giving my uncle *Toby*, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges.—"I have friends—I have relations,—I have three desolate children,"—says *Socrates*.—

——Then, cried my mother, opening the door,——you have one more, Mr *Shandy*, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one less,—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

Chapter xiv.

——They are *Socrates's* children, said my uncle *Toby*. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle *Toby* was no chronologer—so not caring to advance one step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the ecclaircissement himself.

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Chapter xv.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it, and then this chapter must have set off thus.

Ptr..r..r..ing—twing—twang—prut—trut——'tis a cursed bad fiddle.—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut..prut..—They should be *fifths*. ——'Tis wickedly strung—tr...a.e.i.o.u.-twang.—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound post absolutely down,—else—trut . . prut—hark! 'tis not so bad a tone.—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle, dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges, —but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.—'Sdeath! not the gentleman with the sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a *Caprichio* to *Calliope* herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my *Cremona* to a *Jew's* trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle,—twiddle diddle,——twoddle diddle, —twuddle diddle,——prut trut—krish—krash—krush. —I've undone you, Sir,—but you see he's no worse, —and was *Apollo* to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worships and your reverences love music—and God has made you all with good ears—and some of you play delightfully yourselves—trut-prut,—prut-trut.

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O! there is—whom I could sit and hear whole days,—whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt,—who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion. —If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,—which is generally ten guineas more than I have to spare—or you Messrs Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

Chapter xvi.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and *Susannah* had got possession of my mother's green sattin night-gown,—was to sit down coolly, after the example of *Xenophon*, and write a TRISTRA-*pædia*, or system of education for me; collecting first for that purpose his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence. I was my father's last stake—he had lost my brother *Bobby* entirely,—he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me—that is, he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for me—my geniture, nose, and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle *Toby* had done to his doctrine of projectils.—The difference between them was, that my uncle *Toby* drew his whole knowledge of projectils from *Nicholas Tartaglia*—My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

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In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work.—Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small a compass, that when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's hussive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say,—"Come—I'll write a duodecimo."

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line, with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by *John de la Casse*, the lord archbishop of *Benevento*, in compassing his *Galatea;* in which his Grace of *Benevento* spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a *Rider's* Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing at *primero* with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret;—and therefore 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own had *John de la Casse*, the archbishop of *Benevento*, for whose memory (notwithstanding his *Galatea*) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk—of dull wit—slow parts—costive head, and so forth,—he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of *Methuselah* for me,—the phænomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.—

But the reverse of this was the truth: *John de la Casse* was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuissance at the same time of advancing

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above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day: this disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this,—*viz.* that whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.—This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author,—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas Term-time with them,—every thought, first and last, was captious;—how specious and good soever,—'twas all one;—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em levell'd at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare;* and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth,—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of *John de la Casse*, archbishop of *Benevento;* and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the *Shandy* estate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it; and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and

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knowledge, couched under the veil of *John de la Casse's* parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetic fiction or mystic record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, *is the devil*,—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk—*are the devil and all.*——We are haunted with them, brother *Toby*, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristra-pædia*; at which (as I said) he was three years, and something more, indefatigably at work, and, at last, had scarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless, ——every day a page or two became of no consequence.——

——Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened,——which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment

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from the reader——I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

Chapter xvij.

——'TWAS nothing,—I did not lose two drops of blood by it——'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us——thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.——Doctor *Slop* made ten times more of it, than there was occasion:——some men rise, by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires,—and I am this day (*August* the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.——O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!——The chamber-maid had left no ******* *** under the bed:——Cannot you contrive, master, quoth *Susannah*, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other,—cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to **** *** ** *** ******?

I was five years old.——*Susannah* did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family,——so slap came the sash down like lightning upon us;—Nothing is left,—cried *Susannah*,—nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.——

My uncle *Toby's* house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so *Susannah* fled to it.

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Chapter xviij.

WHEN *Susannah* told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the *murder* of me,—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks,—all accessaries in murder being principals,—*Trim's* conscience told him he was as much to blame as *Susannah*,—and if the doctrine had been true, my uncle *Toby* had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to heaven, as either of 'em;—so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided *Susannah's* steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the Reader's imagination:——to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore,—and to do it without,—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.——Why should I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

Chapter xix.

'TIS a pity, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;——'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete:——get me a couple cast, *Trim*.

Your honour shall have them, replied *Trim*, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of *Trim's* heart,—nor was his fertile

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head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle *Toby* in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have sate down and hammered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his Master. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle *Toby's* spouts—hacking and chiseling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason,—and going at last, like *Lewis* the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for spare ends, &c. ——he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field; my uncle *Toby's* demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window: and as the sash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle *Toby's* house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pullies have been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pullies,—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless,—and so the lead went to pot too.

——A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time—'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash window.

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Chapter xx.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left *Susannah* to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could;—true courage is not content with coming off so.——The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—'twas no matter,——had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened,—*at least in* Susannah's *hands;*——How would your honours have behaved?——He determined at once, not to take shelter behind *Susannah*,—but to give it; and with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole *manœuvre* before my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby* had just then been giving *Yorick* an account of the Battle of *Steenkirk*, and of the strange conduct of count *Solmes* in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow,—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatic writer;—I mean of ancient days.———

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking a-cross it at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have listened to it;—and the story being told,—the dialogue went on as follows.

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Chapter xxi.

——I would be picquetted to death, cried the corporal, as he concluded *Susannah's* story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm,—'twas my fault, an' please your honour,—not hers.

Corporal *Trim*, replied my uncle *Toby*, putting on his hat which lay upon the table,——if any thing can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done,—'tis I certainly who deserve the blame,——you obeyed your orders.

Had count *Solmes*, *Trim*, done the same at the battle of *Steenkirk*, said *Yorick*, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,——he had saved thee;——Saved! cried *Trim*, interrupting *Yorick*, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,——he had saved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every soul of them:——there was *Cutts's*—continued the corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,——there was *Cutts's*,——*Mackay's*,——*Angus's*,——*Graham's*,——and *Leven's*, all cut to pieces;——and so had the *English* life-guards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket,——they'll go to heaven for it,—added *Trim*.—*Trim* is right, said my uncle *Toby*, nodding to *Yorick*,——he's perfectly right. What signified his marching the horse, continued the corporal, where the ground was so straight, that the *French* had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that to cover them; (as they always have).——Count *Solmes* should have sent us,

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——we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives.——There was nothing to be done for the horse:——he had his foot shot off however for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at *Landen*.—Poor *Trim* got his wound there, quoth my uncle *Toby*.——'Twas owing, an' please your honour, entirely to count *Solmes*,——had he drubb'd them soundly at *Steenkirk*, they would not have fought us at *Landen*.——Possibly not,——*Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*;——though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.——There is no way but to march coolly up to them,——receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell——Ding dong, added *Trim*. ——Horse and foot, said my uncle *Toby*.——Helter skelter, said *Trim*.——Right and left, cried my uncle *Toby*.——Blood an' ounds, shouted the corporal;—— the battle raged,——*Yorick* drew his chair a little to one side for safety, and after a moment's pause, my uncle *Toby* sinking his voice a note,—resumed the discourse as follows.

Chapter xvii.

KING *William*, said my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to *Yorick*, was so terribly provoked at count *Solmes* for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.——I fear, answered *Yorick*, the squire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the King at the count.——But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if corporal *Trim*, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to count *Solmes*, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same

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disgrace:——too oft in this world, do things take that train.——I would spring a mine, cried my uncle *Toby*, rising up,——and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.——*Trim* directed a slight,——but a grateful bow towards his master,——and so the chapter ends.

Chapter xxiij.

——Then, *Yorick*, replied my uncle *Toby*, you and I will lead the way abreast,——and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.——And *Susannah*, an' please your honour, said *Trim*, shall be put in the rear. ——'Twas an excellent disposition,—and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle *Toby's* house to *Shandy-hall*.

——I wish, said *Trim*, as they entered the door,—instead of the sash weights, I had cut off the church spout, as I once thought to have done.—You have cut off spouts enow, replied *Yorick*.——

Chapter xxiv.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes,—not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it,

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by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.——The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled,—that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object, and in course was differently considered:

This is the true reason, that my dear *Jenny* and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside,—I, at her in—. How is it possible we should agree about her value?

Chapter xxv.

'TIS a point settled,—and I mention it for the comfort of * *Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story—that provided he keeps along the line of his story,—he may go backwards and forwards as he will,—'tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards* myself.

Chapter xxvi.

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbishop of *Benevento's*,—I mean of *Rabelais's* devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it, as I did—when the accident befel me:

* Mr *Shandy* is supposed to mean ******** *** Esq.; member for ******,——and not the *Chinese* Legislator.

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it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery, —so that *Susannah* had but just time to make her escape down the back stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet *Susannah*, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to *Jonathan*, and *Jonathan* to *Obadiah*; so that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was *Obadiah* enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.—I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this——(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable character in the *Tristra-pædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book; —and that is the *chapter upon sash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids.—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, Had the matter been taken into consideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash window for good an' all;—which, considering with what difficulty he composed books,—he might have done with ten times less trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument I foresee holds good against his writing a chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows and chamber-pots, at the time supposed,—and it is this.

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——That, in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete,—I wrote the chapter myself.

Chapter xxvij.

MY father put on his spectacles—looked,—took them off,—put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about and walked precipitately down stairs: my mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and *Obadiah* following him with a large reading-desk, she took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bedside, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

——If it be but right done,—said my father, turning to the *Section—de sede vel subjecto circumcisionis*,——for he had brought up *Spenser de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us altogether.—

——If it be but right done, quoth he:—only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs?—— For that, replied my father, you must send for Dr *Slop*.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the section as follows,

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * ———Very well,—said my father,
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * —nay, if it has that convenience——and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the *Jews* had it from the *Egyptians*, or the *Egyptians* from the *Jews*,—he rose up, and rubbing

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his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.—Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the ARABIANS,—the CAPPADOCIANS,——if the COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it——if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS submitted,—what is TRISTRAM?——Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

Chapter xxviij.

DEAR *Yorick*, said my father, smiling (for *Yorick* had broke his rank with my uncle *Toby* in coming through the narrow entry, and so had stept first into the parlour)—this *Tristram* of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the son of *Jew*, *Christian*, *Turk*, or *Infidel* initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.—But he is no worse, I trust, said *Yorick*.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That, you are a better judge of than I, replied *Yorick*.—Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:—the trine and sextil aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendents have not hit it, as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*,—or something has been wrong above, or below with us.

'Tis possible, answered *Yorick*.—But is the child, cried my uncle *Toby*, the worse?—The *Troglodytes* say

not, replied my father. And your theologists, *Yorick*, tell us—Theologically? said *Yorick*,—or speaking after the manner of * apothecaries?—† statesmen?—or ‡ washer-women?

——I'm not sure, replied my father,—but they tell us, brother *Toby*, he's the better for it.——Provided, said *Yorick*, you travel him into *Egypt*.——Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the *Pyramids*.——

Now every word of this, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is *Arabick* to me.——I wish, said *Yorick*, 'twas so, to half the world.

—§ Ilus, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.—Not without a court martial? cried my uncle *Toby*.——Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle *Toby's* remark, but turning to *Yorick*,—are greatly divided still who *Ilus* was;—some say *Saturn*;—some the Supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier general under *Pharaoh-neco*.——Let him be who he will, said my uncle *Toby*, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two-and-twenty different reasons for it:—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemic divines—I wish there was not a polemic divine, said *Yorick*, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical

* Χαλεπῆς νόσου, καὶ δυσιάτου ἀπαλλαγὴ, ἣν ἄνθρακα καλοῦσιν.—Philo.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονώτατα, καὶ πολυανθρωπότατα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἵνεκεν.—Bochart.

§ Ὁ Ιλος, τὰ ἀιδοῖα περιτέμνεται, ταὐτὸ ποιῆσαι καὶ τοὺς ἀμ' αυτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας.—Sanchuniatho.

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divinity—is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.—Pray, Mr *Yorick*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—do tell me what a polemic divine is?——The best description, captain *Shandy*, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied *Yorick*, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt *Gymnast* and captain *Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.——I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle *Toby* earnestly.—You shall, said *Yorick*.—And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my soul, said my father. ——*Trim* came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and having shut the door, *Yorick* took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

Chapter xxix.

——"which words being heard by all the soldiers which were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back and make room for the assailant: all this did *Gymnast* very well remark and consider; and therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup, and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the inclining of his body downwards, he forthwith launched himself aloft into the air, and placed both his feet together upon the saddle, standing upright, with his back turned towards his horse's head,—Now (said he) my case goes forward. Then suddenly in the same posture wherein he was, he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turning

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to the left-hand, failed not to carry his body perfectly round, just into his former position, without missing one jot.——Ha! said *Tripet*, I will not do that at this time,—and not without cause. Well, said *Gymnast*, I have failed,—I will undo this leap; then with a marvellous strength and agility, turning towards the right-hand, he fetched another frisking gambol as before; which done, he set his right-hand thumb upon the bow of the saddle, raised himself up, and sprung into the air, poising and upholding his whole weight upon the muscle and nerve of the said thumb, and so turned and whirled himself about three times: at the fourth, reversing his body, and overturning it upside down, and fore-side back, without *touching any thing*, he brought himself betwixt the horse's two ears, and then giving himself a jerking swing, he seated himself upon the crupper——"

(This can't be fighting, said my uncle *Toby*.——The corporal shook his head at it.——Have patience, said *Yorick*.)

"Then (*Tripet*) pass'd his right leg over his saddle, and placed himself *en croup*.—But, said he, 'twere better for me to get into the saddle; then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in the air, and strait found himself betwixt the bow of the saddle in a tolerable seat; then springing into the air with a summerset, he turned him about like a wind-mill, and made above a hundred frisks, turns, and demi-pommadas."—Good God! cried *Trim*, losing all patience,—one home thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.——I think so too, replied *Yorick*.——

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

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Chapter xxx.

——No,—I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making answer to a question which *Yorick* had taken the liberty to put to him,—I have advanced nothing in the *Tristra-pædia*, but what is as clear as any one proposition in *Euclid*.—Reach me, *Trim*, that book from off the scrutoir:——it has oft-times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over both to you, *Yorick*, and to my brother *Toby*, and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago:——shall we have a short chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve; and so on, till we get through the whole? My uncle *Toby* and *Yorick* made the obeisance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.——The company smiled. *Trim*, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the *entertainment*.——He did not seem to relish the play, replied *Yorick*.——'Twas a Tom-fool-battle, an' please your reverence, of captain *Tripet's* and that other officer, making so many summersets, as they advanced;——the *French* come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle *Toby* never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency than what the corporal's, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;——he lighted his pipe,——*Yorick* drew his chair closer to the table,—*Trim* snuff'd the candle,—my father stirr'd up the fire,—took up the book,—cough'd twice, and begun.

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Chapter xxxi.

THE first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not closely connected with the subject,—— for the present we'll pass them by: 'tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species——I was insensibly led into it.——'Twas natural, said *Yorick*.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied is, what *Politian* tells us, *i.e.*, merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;—to which, (according to *Hesiod*) the philosopher adds a servant:——but supposing in the first beginning there were no men servants born ——he lays the foundation of it, in a man,—a woman —and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth *Yorick*, quoting the passage (οἶκον μὲν πρώτιστα, γυναῖκα τε, βοῦν τ' ἀροτῆρα).——A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.——But there is a better reason still, said my father (dipping his pen into his ink); for the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment,—was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.—And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle *Toby*, than them all for the ox. —My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my uncle *Toby's* reason.— For when the ground was tilled, said my uncle *Toby*, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it

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by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.——True, true, dear *Toby*, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave *Trim* a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

——I enter upon this speculation, said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on, merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways—

1st, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And 4th, by procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied *Yorick* ——the act, especially where it ends there, in my opinion lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.—You are wrong,—said my father argutely, and for this plain reason * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * —I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.—But the reason, replied *Yorick*, equally holds good for her.——She is under authority herself, said my father:—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason,—*she is not the principal agent*, Yorick.—In what, quoth my uncle *Toby?* stopping his pipe.—Though by all means, added my father (not attending to my uncle *Toby*) "*The son ought to pay her respect*," as you may read, *Yorick*, at large in the first book of the Institutes of *Justinian*, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.—I can read it as well, replied *Yorick*, in the Catechism.

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Chapter xxxij.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle *Toby*.—Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with *Trim's* saying his Catechism. He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Ask him, Mr *Yorick*, any question you please.——

—The fifth Commandment, *Trim*—said *Yorick*, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest Catechumen. The corporal stood silent.—You don't ask him right, said my uncle *Toby*, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command:—— The fifth————cried my uncle *Toby*.—I must begin with the first, an' please your honour, said the corporal.——

—*Yorick* could not forbear smiling.—Your reverence does not consider, said the corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing, as doing one's exercise in the field.—

"*Join your right-hand to your firelock*," cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

"*Poise your firelock*," cried the corporal, doing the duty still both of adjutant and private man.

"*Rest your firelock;*"—one motion, an' please your reverence, you see leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *first*—

THE FIRST—cried my uncle *Toby*, setting his hand upon his side— * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *.

THE SECOND—cried my uncle *Toby*, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his

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manual with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest,—and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the *scaffold work* of INSTRUCTION, its true point of folly, without the BUILDING behind it.

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, *Yorick*, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away!

—SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inspired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt *Dinah's* legacy in charitable uses (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion), if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prythee, *Trim*, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What dost thou mean, by "*honouring thy father and mother?*"

Allowing them, an' please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, *Trim?* said *Yorick*.—He did indeed, replied my uncle *Toby*.—Then, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the *Decalogue;* and I honour thee more for it, corporal *Trim*, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.

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Chapter xxxiij.

O BLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. —He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into a very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.

My father read as follows:

"The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture"—You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said *Yorick*. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter:——nor pettishly,—for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper-side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.——

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to *Yorick*, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*,—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word wet or

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dry upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œconomy——

"O thou eternal Maker of all beings!"—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand (in case he had one)—"Thou whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection,—What have we Moonites done?"

Chapter xxiv.

WITH two strokes, the one at *Hippocrates*, the other at Lord *Verulam*, did my father achieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*,—and *Vita brevis*.—— Life short, cried my father,—and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves,—and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetic lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world, and at last deceived it?

——O my lord *Verulam!* cried my father, turning from *Hippocrates*, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,——What shall I say to thee, my great lord *Verulam?* What shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy salt-petre,—— thy greasy unctions,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly clysters, and succedaneums?

——My father was never at a loss what to say to any man, upon any subject; and had the least occasion

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for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordship's opinion,——you shall see;——but when—I know not:——we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

Chapter xxxv.

"THE two great causes, which conspire with each other to shorten life, says lord *Verulam*, are first——

"The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death:—And secondly, the external air, that parches the body up to [redacted]:—which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and render them unfit to carry on the functions of life."

This being the state of the case, the road to Longevity was plain; nothing more being required, says his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of salt-petre every morning before you got up.——

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter;——nor could any one get out.——This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers—a course of clysters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system complete.

What my father had to say to my lord of *Verulam's*

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opiates, his salt-petre, and greasy unctions and clysters, you shall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time presses upon me,—my reader is impatient—I must get forwards.——You shall read the chapter at your leisure (if you chuse it), as soon as ever the *Tristra-pædia* is published.——

Sufficeth it at present, to say, my father levelled the hypothesis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.——

Chapter xxxvi.

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us;—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the talk, merely (as *Van Helmont*, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat and tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts, are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observation of *Aristotle*, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est* triste."

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture, but whether *vice versâ*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness——or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies.——So that if a child, as

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he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction, ——'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.——

Chapter xxxvij.

THE description of the siege of *Jericho* itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle *Toby* more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle *Toby* took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—*aside.*

—— * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *. It was at the siege of *Limerick*, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle *Toby*, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of *Limerick* was raised, upon the very account you mention.——Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother *Toby?* cried my father, mentally.——By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an *Œdipus* to bring it in point.——

I believe, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plyed your honour off;—And the geneva, *Trim*, added my uncle *Toby*, which did us more good than all——I verily believe, continued the corporal,

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we had both, an' please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.——The noblest grave, corporal! cried my uncle *Toby*, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to lie down in.——But a pitiful death for him! an' please your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much *Arabick* to my father, as the rites of the *Colchi* and *Troglodites* had been before to my uncle *Toby*; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or to smile.——

My uncle *Toby*, turning to *Yorick*, resumed the case at Limerick, more intelligibly than he had begun it,—and so settled the point for my father at once.

Chapter xxviii.

IT was undoubtedly, said my uncle *Toby*, a great happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five-and-twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.——My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.——

———It was Heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle *Toby*, which put it into the corporal's head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and spices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.——Upon my honour, added my uncle *Toby*,

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you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother *Shandy*, twenty toises.—If there was no firing, said *Yorick*.

Well—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word——Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy————————*Yorick*, foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question.——Prithee, *Trim*, said *Yorick*, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?

With humble submission to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle *Toby*—Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*.—The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave,—added my uncle *Toby*, turning to my father.——

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under-jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right-hand before he opened his mouth,——he delivered his notion thus.

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Chapter xxxix.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Dr *Slop*.—'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.——

Well, my good doctor, cried my father sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden,—and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr *Slop* had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of enquiry.—He sat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in a manner which could not go unanswered,—in what condition is the boy?—'Twill end in a *phimosis*, replied Dr *Slop*.

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle *Toby*—returning his pipe into his mouth.——Then let the corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr *Slop*, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words.

Chapter xl.

THE city of *Limerick*, the siege of which was begun under his majesty king *William* himself, the year after I went into the army—lies, an' please your honours, in the middle of a devilish wet, swampy country.—'Tis quite surrounded, said my uncle *Toby*, with the *Shannon*, and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in *Ireland*.——

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I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr *Slop*, of beginning a medical lecture.—'Tis all true, answered *Trim*.—Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said *Yorick*.—'Tis all cut through, an' please your reverence, said the corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle,—'twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myself; now there was no such thing, after the first ten days, continued the corporal, for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.———

And what conclusion dost thou draw, corporal *Trim*, cried my father, from all these premises?

I infer, an' please your worship, replied *Trim*, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy,—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honour, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva——— and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain *Shandy*, quoth Dr *Slop*, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.—*Slop* had not forgot *Trim's* comment upon the sermon.—

It is but an hour ago, replied *Yorick*, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with great honour.———

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Dr *Slop*, turn-

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ing to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally in my opinion by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.——Now this poor fellow, continued Dr *Slop*, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.——That he has,—said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle.—I'm sure of it—quoth *Yorick*.——

Chapter xli.

DOCTOR *Slop* being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Tristra-pædia*.——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll shew you land———for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—Huzza!—

Chapter xlii.

——FIVE years with a bib under his chin;
Four years in travelling from Christ-cross-row to *Malachi*;
A year and a half in learning to write his own name;
Seven long years and more τυπτω-ing it, at Greek and Latin;
Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,—and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it

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out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great *Julius Scaliger* within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?———Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and *Peter Damianus*, lord bishop of *Ostia*, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when he was of man's estate.—And *Baldus* himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when *Eudamidas*, the son of *Archidamas*, heard *Xenocrates* at seventy-five disputing about *wisdom*, that he asked gravely,—*If the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom,—what time will he have to make use of it?*

Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them:—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, *Yorick*, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a North-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.——But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running besides them;—every child, *Yorick*, has not a parent to point it out.

——The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr *Yorick*.

Had *Yorick* trod upon *Virgil's* snake, he could not have looked more surprised.—I am surprised too, cried my father, observing it,—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befel the republic of letters, That those who have been entrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it

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was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done——So that, except *Raymond Lullius*, and the elder *Pelegrini*, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topics, that, in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.—I should be glad, said *Yorick*, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor,——for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better;——but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end,—the mind and the idea are at rest,—until a second idea enters;——and so on.

Now the use of the *Auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her; and by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracts of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said *Yorick*.

For my own part, quoth my uncle *Toby*, I have given it up.——The *Danes*, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, who were on the left at the siege of *Limerick*, were all auxiliaries.——And very good ones, said my uncle *Toby*.—But the auxiliaries, *Trim*, my brother is talking about,—I conceive to be different things.——

——You do? said my father, rising up.

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Chapter xliii.

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down, and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, *am; was; have; had; do; did; make; made; suffer; shall; should; will; would; can; could; owe; ought; used;* or *is wont.*—And these varied with tenses, *present, past, future,* and conjugated with the verb *see,*—or with these questions added to them;—*Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be?* And these again put negatively, *Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—Or affirmatively, —*It is; It was; It ought to be.* Or chronologically, —*Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?*—Or hypothetically,—*If it was? If it was not?* What would follow?——If the *French* should beat the *English?* If the *Sun* go out of the *Zodiac?*

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.——Didst thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to *Trim,* who stood at the back of his chair:—No, an' please your honour, replied the corporal.——But thou couldst discourse about one, *Trim,* said my father, in case of need?——How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby,* if the corporal never saw one? ——'Tis the fact I want, replied my father,—and the possibility of it is as follows.

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?

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Would I had seen a white bear! (for how can I imagine it?)

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive; have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth seeing?—

—Is there no sin in it?—

Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

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BOOK VI.

Chapter i.

——WE'LL not stop two moments, my dear Sir,—only, as we have got through these five volumes,* (do, Sir, sit down upon a set——they are better than nothing) let us just look back upon the country we have pass'd through.——

——What a wilderness has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost, or devoured by wild beasts in it!

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of Jack Asses?——How they view'd and review'd us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!——and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

——Prithee, shepherd! who keeps all those Jack Asses? * * *

——Heaven be their comforter——What! are they never curried?——Are they never taken in in winter?——Bray bray—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;——louder still—that's nothing:—in good sooth, you are ill-used:——Was I a Jack

* In the first edition, the sixth volume began with this chapter.

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Asse, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-fol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

Chapter ii.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he closed the book for good an' all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into *Trim's* hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'scrutoire, where he found it.——*Tristram*, said he, shall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way;——every word, *Torick*, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis or an hypothesis;—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions;—and each proposition has its own consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind on again, into fresh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.——The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother *Shandy*, cried my uncle *Toby*, to burst it into a thousand splinters.——

I presume, said *Torick*, smiling,—it must be owing to this,——(for let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments)——That the famous *Vincent Quirino*, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal *Bembo* has given the world so exact a story,—should be able to paste up in the public schools at *Rome*, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and fifty different theses, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology;—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as

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to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of *Alphonsus Tostatus*, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts without being taught any one of them?——What shall we say of the great *Piereskius?*—That's the very man, cried my uncle *Toby*, I once told you of, brother *Shandy*, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Shevling*, and from *Shevling* back again, merely to see *Stevinus's* flying chariot.——He was a very great man! added my uncle *Toby* (meaning *Stevinus*)—He was so, brother *Toby*, said my father (meaning *Piereskius*)——and had multiplied his ideas so fast, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at seven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the sole management of all his concerns.—Was the father as wise as the son? quoth my uncle *Toby:*—I should think not, said *Yorick:*—But what are these, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasm)—what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in *Grotius*, *Scioppius*, *Heinsius*, *Politian*, *Pascal*, *Joseph Scaliger*, *Ferdinand de Cordouè*, and others—some of which left off their *substantial forms* at nine years old, or sooner, and went on reasoning without them;—others went through their classics at seven;—wrote tragedies at eight;—*Ferdinand de Cordouè* was so wise at nine,—'twas thought the Devil was in him;—and at *Venice* gave such proofs of his knowledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was *Antichrist*, or nothing.——Others were masters of fourteen languages at ten,—finished the course of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics, at eleven,—put

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forth their commentaries upon *Servius* and *Martianus Capella* at twelve,—and at thirteen received their degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity:——But you forget the great *Lipsius*, quoth *Yorick*, who composed a work * the day he was born:——They should have wiped it up, said my uncle *Toby*, and said no more about it.

Chapter iij.

WHEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of *decorum* had unseasonably rose up in *Susannah's* conscience, about holding the candle, whilst *Slop* tied it on; *Slop* had not treated *Susannah's* distemper with anodynes,—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

——Oh! oh!——said *Slop*, casting a glance of undue freedom in *Susannah's* face, as she declined the office;——then, I think I know you, madam——You know me, Sir! cried *Susannah* fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the doctor himself,——you know me! cried *Susannah* again.——Doctor *Slop* clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils;——*Susannah's* spleen was ready to burst at it;——'Tis false, said *Susannah*.—Come, come, Mrs Modesty, said *Slop*, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust,——If you won't hold the candle, and look—you may hold

* Nous aurions quelque interêt, says *Baillet*, de montrer qu'il n' a rien de ridicule s'il étoit veritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que *Nicius Erythræus* a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme *Lipse*, il a pû composer un ouvrage le premier jour de sa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'est pas celui de sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que ç'ait été à l'âge de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce fut en cet âge, que *Lipse* fit un poëme.——Le tour est ingénieux, &c. &c.

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it and shut your eyes:—That's one of your popish shifts, cried *Susannah*:—'Tis better, said *Slop*, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman;——I defy you, Sir, cried *Susannah*, pulling her shift sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other in a surgical case with a more splenetic cordiality.

Slop snatched up the cataplasm,——*Susannah* snatched up the candle;——a little this way, said *Slop*; *Susannah* looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to *Slop's* wig, which being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.———You impudent whore! cried *Slop*,—(for what is passion, but a wild beast?)—you impudent whore, cried *Slop*, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand;——I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said *Susannah*,—which is more than you can say:——Is it? cried *Slop*, throwing the cataplasm in her face;——Yes, it is, cried *Susannah*, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.

Chapter lv.

DOCTOR *Slop* and *Susannah* filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

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Chapter b.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor. *Marcus Antoninus* provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his son *Commodus's* education,—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them;—I know very well, continued my father, that *Commodus's* mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a great many of *Commodus's* cruelties when he became emperor;—but still I am of opinion, that those five whom *Antoninus* dismissed, did *Commodus's* temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.——This is very good sense, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself.

——There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within*; and I am not at all surprised that *Gregory* of *Nazianzum*, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of *Julian*, should foretel he would one day become an apostate;——or that St *Ambrose* should turn his *Amanuensis* out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;——or that *Democritus* should conceive *Protagoras* to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards.——There are

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a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

It is for these reasons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of shall neither * lisp, or squint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or foolish;——or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or speak through his nose, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.——

He shall neither walk fast,—or slow, or fold his arms,—for that is laziness;—or hang them down,—for that is folly; or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonsense.——

He shall neither strike, or pinch, or tickle,—or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or spit, or snift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;——nor (according to *Erasmus*) shall he speak to any one in making water,—nor shall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonsense again, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himself.——

I will have him, continued my father, chearful, faceté, jovial; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions;——he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned:——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? said *Yorick*:——And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?——He shall, my dear *Toby*, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, answered my uncle *Toby*, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fever's*

* Vid. *Pellegrina.*

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son to you;——a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle *Toby's* eye, and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made;——you will see why when you read *Le Fever's* story:——fool that I was! nor can I recollect (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occasion is lost,—I must tell it now in my own.

Chapter vi.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in *Europe*—— when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his supper, with *Trim* sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say, sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years

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together—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?——Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast, ——*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*———

——If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—*Trim*,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host; ——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, said my uncle *Toby*,—do, *Trim*,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but

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I can ask his son again:——Has he a son with him then? said my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:——He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, said my uncle *Toby*.

Trim!——said my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and smoak'd about a dozen whiffs.——*Trim* came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle *Toby* smoak'd on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle *Toby*——the corporal made his bow.——My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St *Nicholas*;——and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle *Toby*; but I am not at rest in my mind, *Trim*, since the account the landlord has given me.——I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it:——How shall we

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manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. ——Thou shalt go, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—— I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor *Le Fever* and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

Chapter viii.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

IT was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle *Toby*——He is, said the corporal——And in what regiment? said my uncle *Toby*——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, *Trim*, in the window-seat, and begin thy

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story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good :*——And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the story to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him ;——that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long ;——and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;——but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.——Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.——I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.——I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.——Poor youth! said my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, *Trim*, sounded in

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his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain *Shandy's* servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar ——(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle *Toby*)——he was heartily welcome to it:——He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.——Mr *Yorick's* curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong; added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.——I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.——

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr *Trim*, never said your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears,

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or I could not have believed it.——Are you sure of it? replied the curate.——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world——'Twas well said of thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.——But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, —or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here; —countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. —I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,— though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou shouldst not have said that, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, —for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:——At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)— it will be seen who has done their duties in this world, —and who has not; and we shall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we shall, said *Trim*.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle *Toby*; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, said my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,— it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:——I hope not,

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said the corporal——But go on, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it:——The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling, —the book was laid upon the bed,—and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are captain *Shandy's* servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of *Leven's*—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a lieutenant in *Angus's*——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—— possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at *Breda*, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.——Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,— then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice——Here, *Billy*, said he,——the boy flew across the room to the

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bed-side,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle *Toby*, with a deep sigh,—I wish, *Trim*, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, said my uncle *Toby*, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon:—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young *Le Fever* rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.——But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter viij.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

IT was to my uncle *Toby's* eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of *Dendermond*, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed

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him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of *Dendermond* into a blockade,—he left *Dendermond* to itself—to be relieved or not by the *French* king, as the *French* king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,——and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*.——In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to *Le Fever*, ——as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didst very right, *Trim*, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle *Toby*,——when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,——thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, *Trim*,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.———

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——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, smiling,——he might march.——He will never march; an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:——He will march; said my uncle *Toby*, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:——An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:——He shall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.——He cannot stand it, said the corporal;——He shall be supported, said my uncle *Toby*;——He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He shall not drop, said my uncle *Toby*, firmly.——A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:——He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in;—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

Chapter ix.

——MY uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

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Chapter x.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER CONTINUED.

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever's* and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,——and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—— and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

——You shall go home directly, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary, —and the corporal shall be your nurse;——and I'll be your servant, *Le Fever*.

There was a frankness in my uncle *Toby*,—not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle *Toby* had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees,

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and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle *Toby's* face,—then cast a look upon his boy,——and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.———

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,——the pulse fluttered——stopp'd——went on——throbb'd——stopp'd again——moved——stopp'd——shall I go on?——No.

Chapter xi.

I AM so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young *Le Fever's*, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle *Toby* recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter.—All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows.—

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fever* in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of *Dendermond* paid his obsequies all military honours,—and that *Yorick*, not to be behind-hand—paid him all ecclesiastic—for he buried him in his chancel:—And it appears likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him——I say it *appears*,—for it was *Yorick's* custom, which I suppose a general one with those of his profession, on the first leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occasion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add some short

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comment or stricture upon the sermon itself, seldom, indeed, much to its credit:—For instance, *This sermon upon the Jewish dispensation—I don't like it at all;—Though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDISH *knowledge in it,—but 'tis all tritical, and most tritically put together.———This is but a flimsy kind of a composition; what was in my head when I made it?*

——N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon,—and of this sermon,——that it will suit any text.———*

——For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I have stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor Paidagunes *found me out.* ☞ *Set a thief to catch a thief.———*

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, so,* and no more——and upon a couple *Moderato;* by which, as far as one may gather from *Altieri's Italian* dictionary,—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord, which seemed to have been the unravelling of *Yorick's* whip-lash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked *Moderato,* and the half dozen of *So, so,* tied fast together in one bundle by themselves,—one may safely suppose he meant pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato's* are five times better than the *so, so's;*—show ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them;—(and, to rise properly in my climax)—discovered a thousand times more genius;—and to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them:—for which reason, whene'er *Yorick's dramatic* sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the *so, so's,* I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two *moderato's* without any sort of scruple.

What *Yorick* could mean by the words *lentamente,*

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—*tenutè*,—*grave*,—and sometimes *adagio*,—as applied to *theological* compositions, and with which he has characterised some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess.——I am more puzzled still upon finding *a l'octava alta!* upon one;——*Con strepito* upon the back of another;——*Siciliana* upon a third;——*Alla capella* upon a fourth;——*Con l'arco* upon this;——*Senza l'arco* upon that.——All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning;——and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt, but that by some quaint application of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression——The funeral sermon upon poor *Le Fever*, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition——It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and cross-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twisted round with a half-sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast cover of a general review, which to this day smells horribly of horse drugs.——Whether these marks of humiliation were designed,—I something doubt;——because at the end of the sermon (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote——

Bravo!

——Though not very offensively,——for it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from, and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a

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crow's quill so faintly in a small *Italian* hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—so that from the *manner of it*, it stands half excused; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing,—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the shadow of vanity, than of VANITY herself—of the two; resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer; than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that in publishing this, I do no service to *Yorick's* character as a modest man;—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this; that the word was struck through sometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across it in this manner, ~~BRAVO~~——as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in,—he took a large circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one;—as if he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicksome strokes at vice, than the straitness of the pulpit allowed.—These, though hussar-like, they skirmish lightly and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the side of virtue;—tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together?

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Chapter xii.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and *Le Fever*, and betwixt *Le Fever* and all mankind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby's* hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my uncle *Toby* found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the corporal;——Wear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant——And this,——said my uncle *Toby*, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke——and this, *Le Fever*, I'll save for thee,—'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fever*, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a public school, where, excepting *Whitsontide* and *Christmas*, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year, seventeen; when the stories of the emperor's sending his army into *Hungary* against the *Turks*, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his *Greek* and *Latin* without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's sword, and my uncle *Toby's* leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under *Eugene*.—Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound and cry out, *Le Fever!* I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me——

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And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.——

My uncle *Toby* took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;——and having detained *Le Fever* a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to *Leghorn*,—he put the sword into his hand. ——If thou art brave, *Le Fever*, said my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee,——but Fortune, said he (musing a little),——Fortune may——And if she does,—added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fever*, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of *Le Fever* more than my uncle *Toby's* paternal kindness;——he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the best of sons from the best of fathers——both dropped tears——and as my uncle *Toby* gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, —and bid God bless him.

END OF VOL. II.

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